



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

(Please note special showing times).

## SHOWING TO-DAY



FROM THE GLORY OF HIGH HEAVEN TO THE HAVEN OF EARTH!

JAMES STEWART-JUNE ALLYSON  
**Strategic Air Command**  
Color by TECHNICOLOR

FRANK ALEX BAILEY BRUCE LOVEJOY NICOL SULLIVAN-BENNETT  
Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN - Directed by ANTHONY MANN - Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES and BLURNE LAY, Jr. - Story by Bruce Lay, Jr. A Paramount Picture

Lobby display of aircraft models at Princess and Empire by courtesy of Radar Co. at King's by Hobby Center At King's - Full effects of PERSPECTA SOUND

Complimentary tickets are not valid.

## 5 SHOWS TOMORROW

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE  
At 11.30 a.m. At 12.10 p.m. At 12.30 p.m.

## SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

PRINCESS At 11 a.m. EMPIRE At 11 a.m.  
Columbia presents James Stewart, June Allyson  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS "THE GLENN MILLER STORY" & "THE 3 STOOGES" in Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 78771 KOWLOON TEL. 53300

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

NEW LAUGHTER IN STORE WITH NORMAN WISDOM

## "MAN OF THE MOMENT"

Also Starring

Lana Morris • Belinda Lee

Of course it's

A J. Arthur Rank Picture

## SPECIAL ATTRACTION

## "FESTIVAL TIME"

The Venice International Film Festival of 1955

## SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs"  
GREAT WORLD: Fox Technicolor Cartoons.

## HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50358

## SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

M-G-M'S EXPLOSIVE DRAMA OF THE TEEN-AGE TERROR!

"PROBLEM" KIDS... Are they turning our schools into jungles?

**BLACKBOARD JUNGLE**

Starring **Glenn FORD**  
Also FRANCIS LOUIS CALHORN  
and MARGARET HAYES

SHOWING ON SUNDAY  
12.30 P.M. - 2.30 P.M.

## FILMS BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Strategic Air Command". A Hollywood version of America's policy of preserving the peace by building up a strong long-range bomber force. James Stewart and June Allyson.  
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront". A shocking picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Man of the Moment". Norman Wisdom, running loose among the diplomats, accomplishes some astonishing results. With Lana Morris, Belinda Lee and Jerry Herman.  
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Count 3 and Pray". A pugilistic preacher whose main enemy is his own hot temper. Van Heflin, Joanne Woodward and Phil Carey.  
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Love is a Many Splendored Thing". Han Su-yin poured all her private thoughts and actions into the book, and Hollywood has given them an even wider public by putting them on to celluloid. William Holden and Jennifer Jones.

## COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Immediate Disaster". A visitor from Venus comes down to Earth to warn us of the dire results of the atom and hydrogen bomb experiments. Patricia Neal, Helmut Dantine and Derek Bond.  
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Moonfeet". Smuggling and piracy along the English Channel coast in the 16th century. Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood and Viveca Lindfors.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Ain't Misbehavin'". A musical romance about a chorus girl and a millionaire. Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie, Jack Carson and Mamie Van Doren.

"Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy". Fun and games around the tombs of ancient Egypt. With Marie Windsor and Peggy King.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Pearl of the South Pacific". One woman and two men searching for pearls hidden on a South Sea Island Utopia. Virginia Mayo, Frank Sinatra and David Farrar.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Chicago Syndicate". A new kind of detective with an accountant's degree sets out to break up a nation-wide crime net and has a pleasant time in the night clubs doing it. Dennis O'Keefe, Xavier Cugat's band and Abbe Lane.  
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Left Hand of God". Drama. Gene Tierney.

brought back to earth is very real indeed.

## Not Enough

## Splendour

I have not yet been able to see "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" as, in common with most of the Roxy and Broadway pictures, it has not been shown to the press. Last night's premiere came too late to be able to include it in this week's column.

As it is expected to play for two weeks I hope to be able to deal with it next Saturday, but for the benefit of would-be cinemagoers, here are a few words of wisdom from the New York Times correspondent:

The romance that blossoms between William Holden and Jennifer Jones as a couple of aliens in Hongkong in "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" is endowed with an aura of excitement and adventure by the sense of the locale. A thrill of expectation is aroused by simply looking down from the surrounding hills or out from the hospital plaza upon the theatrical panorama of Hongkong, with ships hooting in the harbour and China up the river toward Canton. This is made more vivid by colour and CinemaScope.

We would like to be able to tell you that the drama that unfolds is up to the scientific fascination and the geographical potential of what you behold, but the story of a desperate love developing between a newspaper correspondent and a woman doctor of mixed Chinese-English blood is as intriguing and overpowering as the tremendous backdrop of Hongkong. It isn't. This personal drama is almost as hermetic as if it took place in a cocoon.

The only thing that really causes trouble is that the fellow already has a wife. But the sincerity of Mr. Holden, the intensity of Miss Jones and the immediacy of that location make the picture a mildly splendored thing.

Van Heflin In  
An Unusual Role

The religious theme in "Count 3 and Pray" is not plugged to death and in spite of rather over-large doses of mushiness and sentiment, the crusading spirit of the self-appointed minister, Van Heflin comes across with sincerity.

For all that, however, it seems a very strange story for a conventional Hollywood company to have bought for one of its good old stand-by stars—Van Heflin.

In the past, the name "Heflin" in the cast list has indicated a slightly better than average adventure story, with often the sea as background, plenty of rough stuff and a guaranteed box office.

But although he's still out of doors a great deal in "Count 3 and Pray" he is forced to curb his temper to often, to be meek, shy and humble so frequently, and to behave in such a circumspect manner generally, that the fiery Heflin spirit appears very much watered down.

One very good thing in this picture, however, is the introduction to us of a new screen personality in Joanne Woodward. She has a most sympathetic part for most of the time, it's true, but I don't think anyone will disagree that here is real acting talent.

Orphaned by the civil war, coerced by the devices she has been forced to practice to stay alive, we come across her first

squalling in an abandoned shack, keeping off all comers with a shotgun. About 17 years of age, dirty, slatternly, foul-mouthed and belligerent, she's hardly a likely candidate for the position of heroine.

A Change Of  
Heart

Van Heflin too is an outcast. Apparently in his early youth before the civil war, gambling, racing, women and general devilment have been his contribution to the community life of the little town to which he is returning. He has added to these sins the crime of having gone against the other aristocratic southern families and enlisted and fought with the Yankees.

The fact that he's had a change of heart somewhere during the fighting—not in a political or sympathy that's never mentioned—and has decided to turn his back on his former ways, cuts no ice at all with anyone by the Proud Lady of the neighbourhood. He is made to feel most unwelcome, in spite of his worthy intention to become the local preacher.

Naturally things do not come easily to the outcast and he puts his foot in things right, left and centre. For a start, having nowhere to live, he moves in with the young vixen with the shotgun. Now we know that his motives are quite pure, but it seems a little short-sighted to flout an already hostile public opinion in this way. Then, in order to get lumber and nails to build his church he races his horse against a local gambler—and on a Sunday too! As if this is not enough, he allows the keeper of the town brothel—an old girlfriend, if we are to take the insinuations as they are obviously meant to be interpreted—to buy him a suit of black to preach in. His naïveté is frightening!

I found Van Heflin's worthiness a shade dull and the seriousness of Joanne Woodward's performance, but if this film has done nothing more, it has at least shown us a new actress, as opposed to merely a new face.

Wisdom—With  
Reservations

The Norman Wisdom picture at the New York and Great World—"Man of the Moment" is typical Wisdom, and if you like this comedian, then you will undoubtedly go to see him and laugh your head off, as the publicity promises you will, whatever I may say about it.

It has the usual Wisdom circus: Jerry Desmond, pompous, puzzled and accepting his role of the dignified stooge with his customary good manners; Lana Morris, inexplicably prepared to accept the anachronous advances of the moon-struck little man in his romantic scenes, and a luscious lovely thrown in to provide the glamour (British type) that the nice Miss Morris is too ladylike to exhibit.

Diana Dors for so long the obvious choice, where something in this line was required having probably grown too expensive with her rise in the stellar hierarchy, Belinda Lee has been chosen.

This story for this latest helping of Wisdom is a bit of an international conference where the fate of a group of islands is being decided.

## MAJESTIC

## TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

THE NEW YORK TIMES  
"A Man of the Moment"  
"A Man of the Moment"  
"A Man of the Moment"

ADDED ATTRACTION  
"The Blackboard Jungle"  
"The Blackboard Jungle"  
"The Blackboard Jungle"

ADDED ATTRACTION  
"The Blackboard Jungle"  
"The Blackboard Jungle"  
"The Blackboard Jungle"

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## SHOWING TO-DAY

Fast with his fists, his horses and his women!

He was through with sin... but sin won't through with him!

**VAN HEFLIN**  
**COUNT THREE AND PRAY**  
JOANNE WOODWARD - PHIL CAREY - RAYMOND BURR - ALLISON HAYES - CINEMASCOPE

## TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
Columbia's Technicolor Columbia's CinemaScope  
"THE BLACK KNIGHT" "THE VIOLENT MEN"  
with Alan Ladd with Glenn Ford

AT REDUCED PRICES

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

## HAN SUYIN'S IMMORTAL LOVE STORY

20th Century-Fox presents  
WILLIAM HOLDEN JENNIFER JONES  
**LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING**  
CINEMASCOPE  
In the WONDER of 4-Track HIGH-FIDELITY STEREPHONIC SOUND!

FILMED IN HONG KONG!

## 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon

"LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING"

## LEE TO-DAY

AT 7.35 &amp; 9.45 P.M.

## CANTONESE OPERA

Admissions: \$2.40, \$1.70, \$1.20 &amp; 70 Cts.

## CAPITOL RITE

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30, & 9.30 p.m.

When his dam is in his ribs...  
"The Battle of The Giants"  
In The Biggest Footlock Of Them All!

STEWART GRANGER  
JEAN SIMMONS  
**FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG**  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SUNDAY & MONDAY  
Morning Show at 12.00 noon  
Burt Lancaster in  
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"  
A Columbia Picture

COOPER LINCASTER  
VERA CRUZ  
"THE WILD WIND"  
In Technicolor

## ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN!

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS  
RANDOLPH SCOTT  
**TALL MAN RIDING**  
WARNER COLOR

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30  
Humphrey Bogart in "CAINE MUTINY" Col. T-color film

Maizee's  
SMART FALL DRESSES  
VASSARETTE CIRCLES  
BELLE-SHARMEER STOCKINGS

Lundgren hats and stylish gins made at the Lundgrens.  
Room 20 Printing House  
101 Prince Street

## HOTEL MIRAMAR "GOLD ROOM"

Celebrating the Opening of the Winter Season

Presents Tonight The Debut of

## SOLITA DOLORES

Who will sing for you

Music By

TONY AREVALO &amp; HIS "MIRAMAR" CABALLEROS

DINNER DANCE

From 8.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Excellent American & European & Chinese Food  
Ct. Nathan & Kimmsey Room

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## Greenland To Get Its First Gaol

Godthaab. Greenland will soon have its first prison, officials announced recently. The prison will have a capacity of 10, with a part-time gaoler. During the day, the prisoners will work in the adjacent sanatorium. At night, the sanatorium official on duty will be the gaoler.

## BEFORE THEY WERE

## BILLETED

Up to now, officials have had to turn criminals over to the custody of private families, but with civilisation gradually moving across the ice wastes this is no longer practical. Greenland has an area of 827,300 square miles but a population of only about 21,000 people.—United Press.

## TRANSPORT COMPANY COMPLAINS

## APARTHEID IS EXPENSIVE

Johannesburg. Apartheid (racial segregation) costs £500,000 a year on bus and train routes in Johannesburg. Mr. E. F. Galt, General Manager of Johannesburg transport, said this at the Institute of Traffic Officers conference. Mr. Galt said: "If Johannesburg had no apartheid we could reduce fares and give a better service. In Cape Town you carry all classes in one vehicle. In Johannesburg 95 per cent of the vehicles carry Europeans only and five per cent carry non-Europeans."—China Mail Special.

## From Washington:

Scientists Tell The Life Story Of An Average Thunderstorm.

## From Godthaab:

Greenland Gets Its First Prison.

## From Liverpool:

Ocean Liners Enter Dock For A Winter Overhaul.

## From Nova Scotia:

A Resident Has Two Chairs Made Of Wood Salvaged From Shipwrecks.

## The Energy Of 50 Atom Bombs In Each One!

## THIS IS A THUNDERSTORM

Washington. Science is stalking the thunderstorms which fill summer skies with jagged light and rolling sound. For ten years, United States air, navy and weather scientists have studied these storms—often from inside out.

Now the United Nations World Meteorological Organisation is completing a map showing where the earth's thunderstorms, 44,000 a day, crash down on every continent but Antarctica.

An average thunderstorm released 50 times the energy of the first atomic bomb. Yet it begins as a column of gently rising air, warm, moist, wafted by a chimney of cooler air, topped by a cottony cumulus cloud.

## Gains Power

This thunderstorm "cell" of rising warmth, if conditions are just right, gains power as it lifts. The air expands and cools. It begins writhing out its load of water vapour. Droplets form and grow heavier. The cloud boils higher and darker. A "cumulus gone wild" becomes a thunderhead.

Ice crystals cap the cloud, but in its centre water

drops grow heavy enough to overcome the updraft and fall. They drag cool air with them, the cold gust which blows out from the skirts of the storm.

Rain pours down—110,000 tons of it, across eight square miles in the average storm.

## One In Nine

But only one in nine potential raindrops actually reaches the ground. Most evaporate. Others may be flung back up the chimney to freeze before falling again.

Repeated drips up and down can build hailstones bigger than cricket balls.

Vertical currents inside the thunderstorm are often strong enough to rip an aircraft apart, tossing it thousands of feet in a minute. The greatest violence occurs from 15,000 to 25,000 feet in the air.

Massive charges of electricity form inside the thundercloud. Air insulates, but only until the tension grows too great. Then an invisible trail opens from cloud to cloud or to the earth, and back up that trail a gigantic jolt of power flows. Air blazes into fiery lightning

and sends out sharp sound waves—thunder.

How this crackling dynamo works is scarcely understood. But scientists say that lightning, flashing between earth and clouds, continuously recharges nature's electrical system.

In addition, it combines nitrogen and oxygen in the air into priceless fertiliser for the soil. Rain washes it down. An estimated 100,000,000 tons of usable plant food is thus produced each year, far more than all the fertiliser man makes.—China Mail Special.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mother's picture! You fell off that bench on purpose!"

## THEIR HOUSE IS SHAPED LIKE A PUMPKIN

## Aurora.

Mr and Mrs Albert Ford live in a house shaped like a pumpkin.

The walls are made of coal. Some of the ceilings are of Navy surplus rope. And there are fig-trees growing inside.

Mr Ford is a gas company executive. His wife, Ruth Van Sickle Ford, is director of the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and a water colour painter.

Their architect was Bruce Goff, who feels that most houses are "boxes with little holes." Mr Goff prefers circular houses. He says the circle is an "informal, gathering-around, friendly form."

## Three Levels

Mr Goff used large girders, painted bright red, as the structural members of the "pumpkin." Some of these are exposed, and curve down into the living area near the front door.

The pumpkin is a three-level structure containing the curved living room on the ground level and a kitchen and dining area in a circular pit four steps down in the centre of the house.

Above this pit, a saucer-like studio is suspended cantilever-style from a central cone, the point of which sticks up through the dome of the house. The studio is enclosed by a drape of shower-curtain material and some fish net. Steps to the studio are mounted on two steel beams.

There are no partitions inside the pumpkin, and no windows. But the house is only five and a half miles from the city of Chicago.

The circle continues outside the glass partition and forms a patio.

Two bedrooms and two baths are attached to the pumpkin in semi-spherical wings, and there is also a two-car attached carport.

## Crowds Gaped

The Fords had a hard time finding a contractor willing to build the house. One refused because he said it would collapse.

Building took a year and a half. There were delays because nobody knew how to fit the pieces together.

The bricklayers had a hard time laying the pieces of camel coal. In some spots they used shapeless masses of green glass, the natural refuse from a glass factory.

To carry out the motif, little green marbles were stuck in the white marble between the pieces of coal.

The "house" attracted such large crowds that the Fords finally put up a sign in front of the house. It said: "We don't like your house either."

## Still Gape

The Fords have lived there five years now, but people still come and gape.

"Sundays afternoons get pretty diabolical," said Mrs Ford.

"Not long ago we left the front door open and about a half dozen people wandered in. They were surprised to find my mother sitting there with me. She said: 'What are you doing here?'"

## Husbands Get A Brainwave:—A School For Wives!

## Winnipeg.

Wives in this city had a new school all their own today, and although no one said so it looked as if the whole idea had been devised by a group of tired but inspired husbands.

A night school class absolutely guaranteed to teach the little woman of the house how to weather-strip the windows, repair a leaking hot-water tank, install kitchen cabinet-locks and do a hundred things she'd probably never dreamed of doing.

The curricula included training in how to cut glass, glaze a window, repair a garden hose, clean a clogged drain-pipe, mix and tint paint, install tiling, repair electrical equipment—and, wonder of wonders, replace burned-out fuses.

## Do It Yourself

The new class was the most recent addition to the school district's annual evening-class programme. Called "Do It Yourself," it even included a subject that was bound to come in handy for the poorer scholars in attendance.

It was entitled: "When to call a service man."

Officials expressed pleasure with the way in which the new class was being received. They said they expected an ever-widening stream of husbands, all of them ready and happy to part with the \$4 necessary to register their wives.—United Press.

## Her Chairs Are Made From The Graveyard Of The Sea

## Shag Harbour.

Two wooden chairs in the home of Mrs Gilbert Nickerson in this tiny fishing village on the south shore of Nova Scotia are probably the strangest in Canada.

They were made by her husband out of wood salvaged from windjammers or iron-hulled ships—23 in all—wrecked along the treacherous Atlantic coast since 1797.

The oldest piece is from the old American warship Constitution, which was built in 1797. A carved leaf on the leg of one chair comes from the bulk of the Loss of England, which sank during a howling nor-wester off Cape Sable Island in 1817. For 190 years she lay in her watery grave but in 1917 a heavy surf washed the remnants ashore.

The back of the other chair comes from an old mahogany couch on the schooner, Lagan, which went down with all hands during a wild November gale in 1830. The wreck was carried ashore.

Mrs Nickerson admits she is sometimes awed by the thought of the human tragedy that went into the making of her two chairs.

"I call them my two old wrecks," she says. "But I'm really proud of them."—United Press.

## 23 Ocean Liners To Get Winter Overhaul

## Liverpool.

Many of the ocean liners which have carried thousands of passengers across the Atlantic during the summer will shortly be laid up for a rest in dock.

Nine out of 23 trans-Atlantic liners due for a winter overhaul will be laid up in Liverpool.

First to go in for a check-up will be the Canadian Pacific Empress of Scotland on November 20. Others will include the Canadian Britannic and the Canadian Empress of Wales.

Hundreds of workers in the ship-repairing yards will be kept fully busy in the coming months.—China Mail Special.

## REPARATION

Many Greek refugees from Asia Minor in the 1920s, when they were repatriated to Greece, were given land in the mountains of Greece.

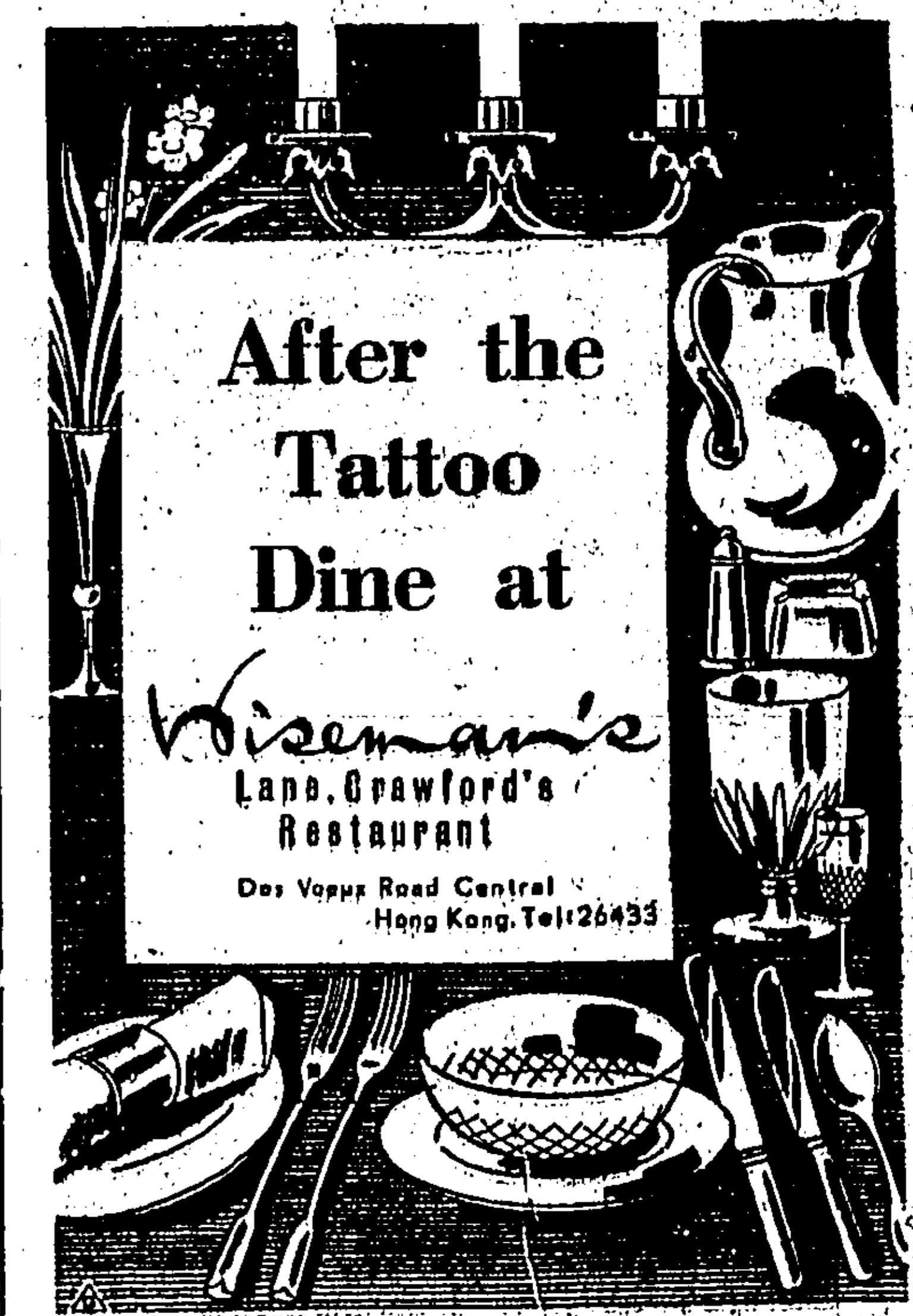
Some of these refugees, who had been given land in the mountains of Greece, have now been given land in the mountains of Greece.

Some of these refugees, who had been given land in the mountains of Greece, have now been given land in the mountains of Greece.



PRM nylons are really different in more ways than one. They are made in Italy and incorporate the most revolutionary idea ever applied to hosiery. PRM nylons fit as no other stockings ever have and are super-sheer but very strong and have a greater resistance to snags and runs. PRM also make extra long stockings for extra long legs. All the newest Autumn colours and full range of sizes in stock.

There's Always Something Now At—



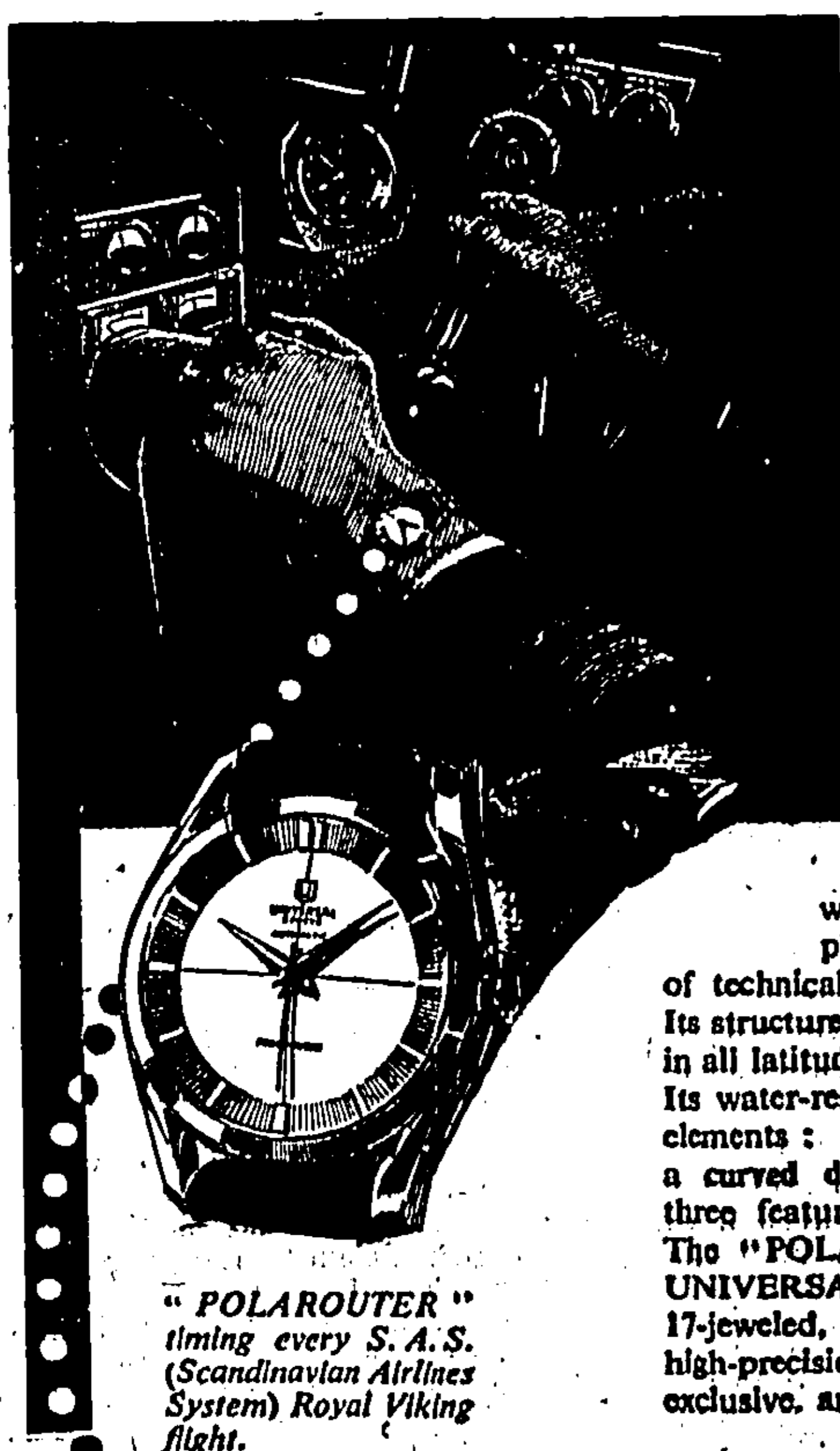
## X'MAS GIFTS for HOME FOLKS TO ENSURE DELIVERY ON TIME BEFORE CHRISTMAS SEND YOUR GIFT PARCELS NOW!

## Take Advantage of our SALE

	Usual Price	NOW
Pure Satin Slips	\$27.50	\$18.50
Heavy Brocade Silk Ladies' Evening Jackets	\$45-65	\$20
Pure Heavy Crêpe Silk w/Lace Nighties	\$32	\$24
Pure Crêpe de Chine Emb'd & Punch Work Slips	\$22	\$17
Pure Silk Men's Shirts	only \$17.50	\$11.50
Pure Silk w/Emb'd Cami-Knickers	\$22	\$17
Pure Silk Emb'd Blouses	\$19	\$14.50
Pure Silk Coorsets	\$20	\$10
Nighties	\$20	\$10

AND MANY OTHER PARCELS AT

The Shiny Embroidery Co.  
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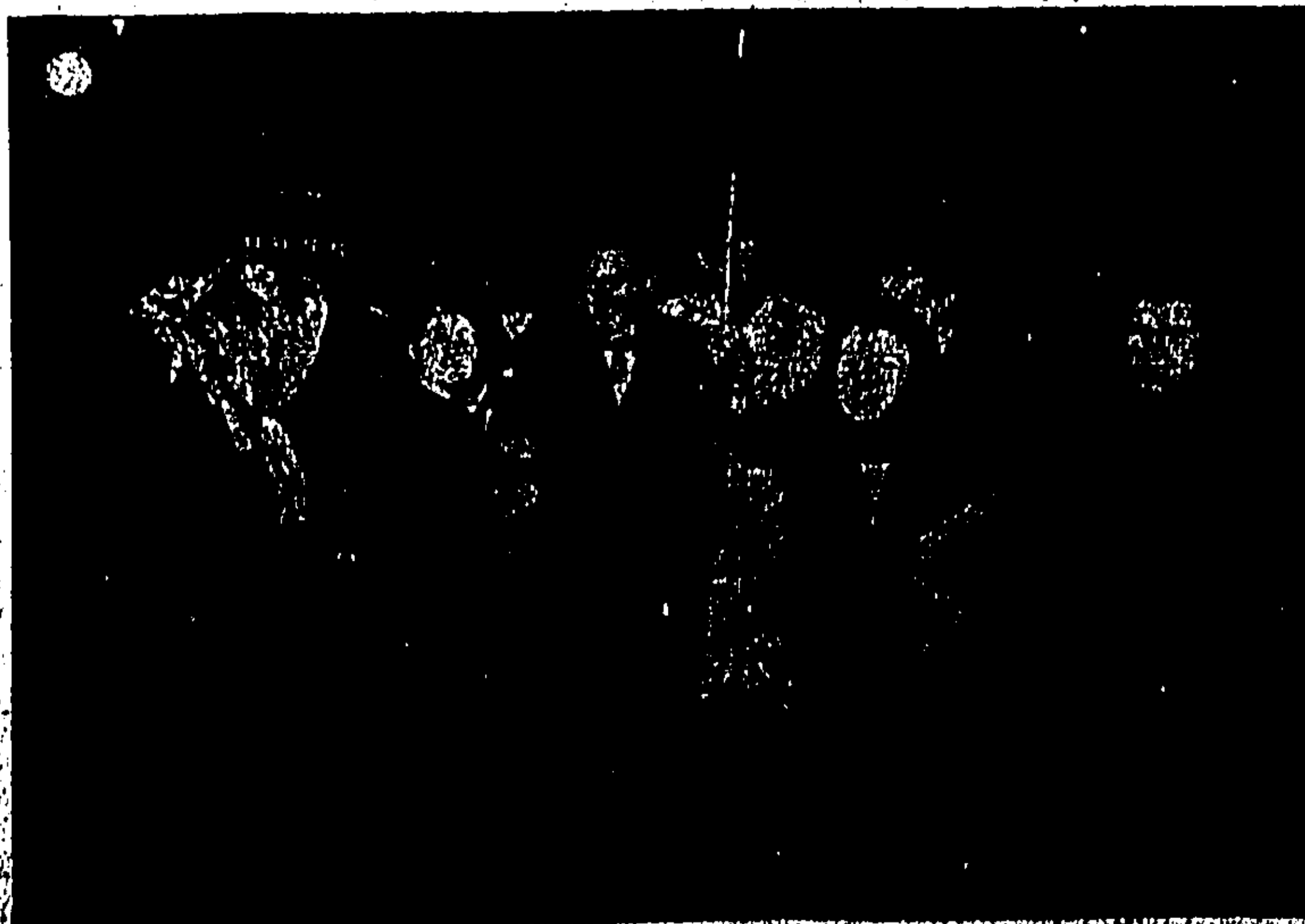
THE President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, visits London's historic Guildhall during his State visit to England. President and Senhora Lopes are seen with the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, who presented the President with a silver casket containing an address of welcome. President Lopes gave the Lord Mayor a silver tureen on a silver salver. After the ceremony, the President and Senhora Lopes remained to lunch as guests of the Lord Mayor. (Express)



LEFT: Smiles from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr R. A. Butler, as he leaves No. 10 Downing Street for the House of Commons to present his emergency Autumn Budget. (Express).



EYES popped at the Littlehampton (Sussex) soccer club recently when the word came: "Boys, meet your new trainer." For the trainer was a girl — in ballet tights, too. She was 18-year-old Yvonne Burr, who put the players through ballet-style limbering up exercises. She told them: "You'll find tomorrow that you have been using muscles tonight you never knew you possessed." Has it paid off? Well, the team has played only one game since she took over, but they won that 17-0. (Express)



WITH THE 11-year-old son of a famous actor, who has been a star since he was 10, the family is now a household name. The family is now a household name. The family is now a household name. (Express)



NO, 19-month-old Gillian Cox, patient at an Epsom hospital, isn't being unladylike towards her visitor, Princess Margaret. Wee Gillian injured her tongue and went to hospital to have stitches put in. When anyone says "tongue" she pops it out. So when a nurse told the Princess, "Gillian has a cut tongue," — well, you can see the result! (Express)



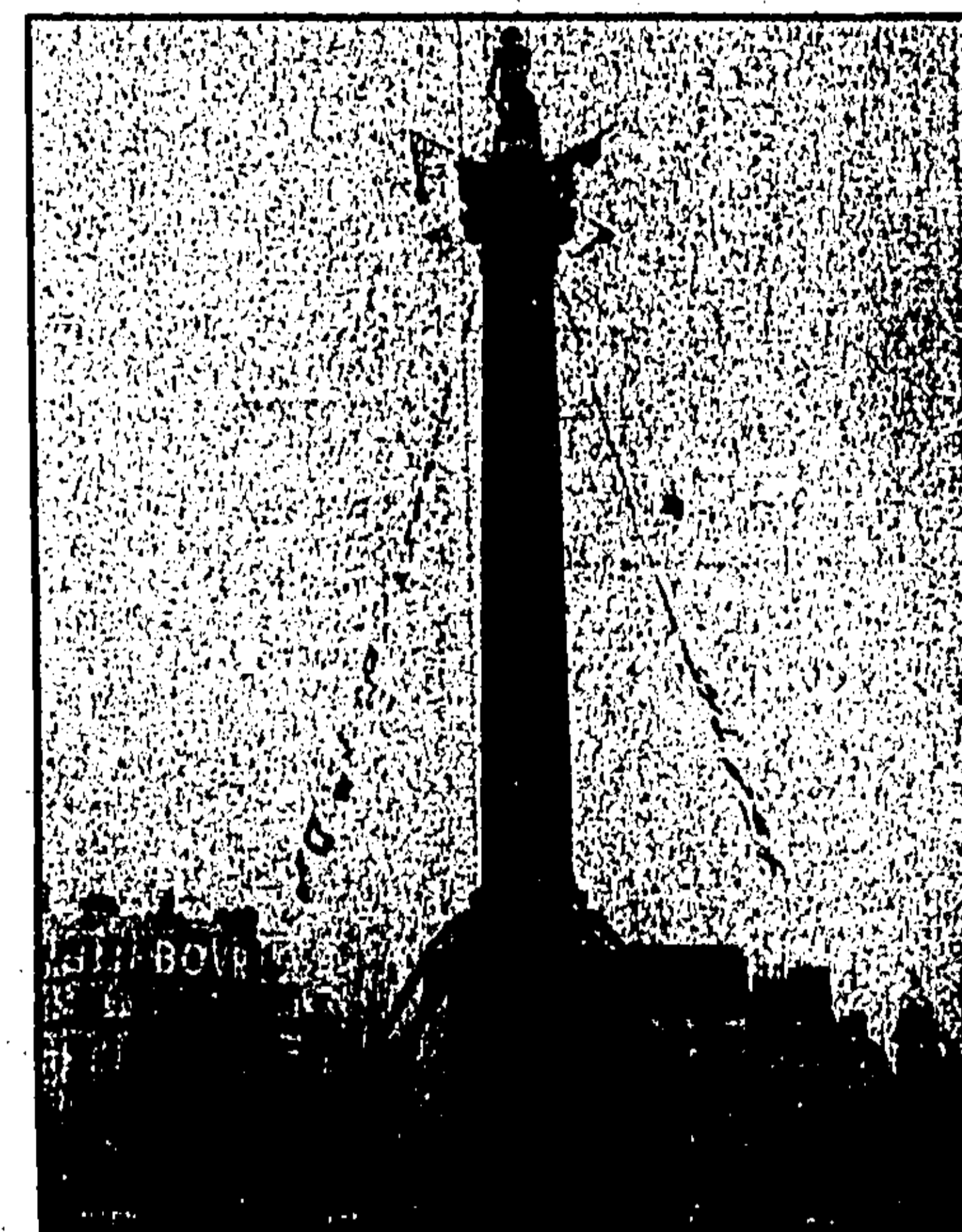
PATRICK GUINNESS, 24-year-old son of wealthy banker Loel Guinness, and his bride, who is also his stepsister. She is the former Countess Dolores Furstenberg, 18, a relative of recently married 15-year-old Princess Ira. Dolores' mother wed Loel Guinness three years ago. (Express)



THE (very slow) patter of tiny feet can be heard around the North London home of store manager Harold Palfreyman these days. Cause is "Titch" — believed to be the only living tortoise born outside a zoo in England. The "doctor" who saw Titch into the world is Mr Palfreyman's 13-year-old son Eric, who carefully kept the eggs, laid by the family's two pet tortoises, at the proper temperature for several weeks until they hatched. Eric and his sister, Dawn, here introduce Titch to Geri and Daley, its mother and aunt. (Express)



SMILES all round at London's historic Mansion House following the arrival on a four-day visit of Moscow's Mayor, Mr Mikhail Yasnov. He is shown on the right, with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Seymour Howard (centre), and Mr N. C. Pupala, Mayor of Bombay. (Express)

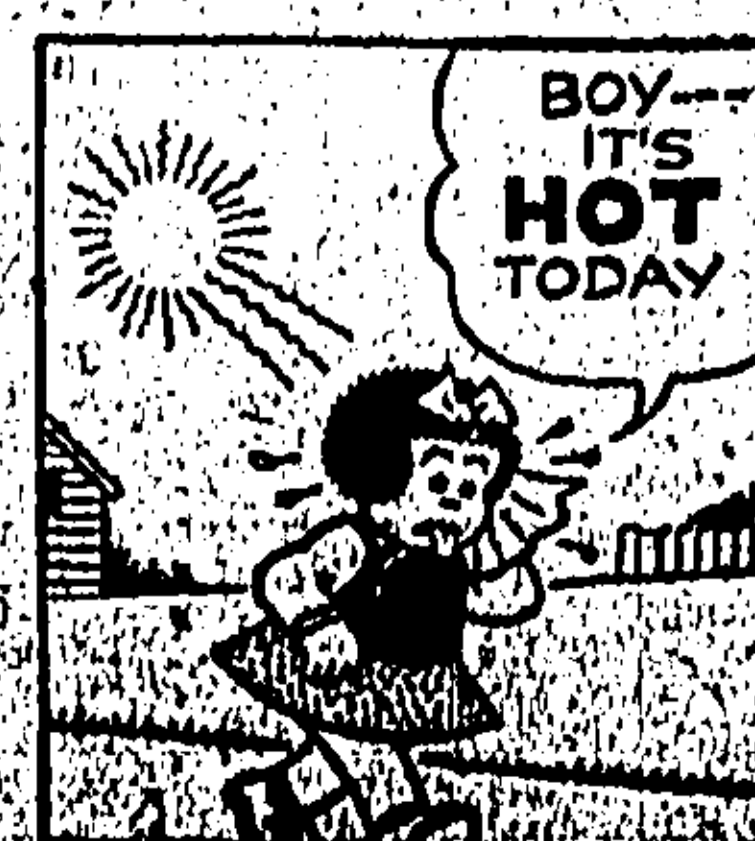


A general view of the scene in Trafalgar Square, London, when the 150th anniversary of the famous battle was commemorated. The Salute to Nelson ceremony took place at the foot of the Column. (Army News)



DIGNIFIED and moving ceremony in the forecourt of the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle, County Durham, when Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, the South Lancashire Regiment. The new Colours replace those presented in 1927 by the Prince of Wales and which will now be laid up in the Regimental Chapel at the Warrington depot. (Army News)

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK  
MAGIC  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



"Am I to assume that some of us have not heard of Mr. Butler's call for a halt in luxury spending?"  
London Express Service

# The Ghosts of Ealing

THEY PASS IN PROUD FLASHBACK FOR ONE MAN  
AS BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS STUDIOS ARE SOLD  
by **MONJA DANISCHEWSKY**  
WHO PRODUCED EALING FILMS "WHISKY GALORE"

YOU know, perhaps, that a little feeling you have at the end of a very good film when the tip-ups begin to chatter... chatter... and the screen says, blankly: "The End?"

That is how I felt when I heard the news that Ealing Studios had been sold to BBC TV for it is the End of a very good studio.

I see that George Elwin, the technicians' leader, calls it "the prestige bastion of the industry."

Its name has been flashed in lights on Broadway and on the boulevards of Paris. It has penetrated the Iron Curtain, where at one time George Formby of Ealing and Lady Hamilton of Hollywood tied for first place in the affection of the Soviet flapper.

But go today to this little suburb in West London and ask one of the locals to direct you to the studios and nine times out of ten he'll be hard put to tell you where they are.

Perhaps the facade is deceptive—a small converted country cottage that is now the Administrative Block. It stands on what was the village green.

The studios on the Green became a legend. In the lean years of the British film industry they were an oasis of adventurous film-making in a desert of mediocrity.

## The vote

BUT Ealing was not without its faults. It has been considered by its critics to be too self-contained.

The slogan on the walls proclaimed it as "The Studio with the Team Spirit." So it was.

But at times the making of films by vote led to indecision, to compromises, to self-examination taken to extreme.

It was not an easy team to drive. No himself had moments of self-doubt, immortalised by an incident in the middle of a heated script conference.

"Excuse me, chaps, I want to wash my hands. Or don't I?"

Soon the ghosts of Ealing will walk on the green, in the five studio stages, in the canteen, in the rectory-like garden behind Sir Michael Balcon's office with its roses and its beehives, in the snooty bar of the Red Lion pub over the road.

Come with me for a final walk round the studios and let us meet some of these ghosts.

## Bevan...

THE year is 1938. A voluble young Welshman, already portly, is laying down the law in the canteen.

"Fox," he tells his table companions, "was the greatest Parliamentary in our history, and after Fox, Winston Churchill."

A back-handed compliment? It could be—for the speaker is Andrew Bevan doing a few weeks' stint at the studios as technical adviser on a film of "Conquest" made for BBC TV.

In the canteen dining-room a round table was built so

large that the carpenters had to make it inside the room, for it could not have been brought in. This is the famous table round which all those Ealing films were first suggested, discussed, and planned.

Remember them? "Dead of Night," "The Captive Heart," "Overlanders," "Blue and Grey," "Scott of the Antarctic," "Passport to Pimlico," "Whisky Galore," "Kud Hearts and Coronets," "Blue Lamp," "Lavender Hill Mob," "Man in the White Suit," "The Cruel Sea," and many others.

There was a skinny, wide-eyed girl with long legs. Her name Audrey Hepburn. The film? "The Secret People."

I remember Ernest Irving, now dead, for years the musical director.

Director Pen Tennyson, great-grandson of the poet Laureate, was killed in the war, and actor John Clements wanted to recite the translation of a poem by Callimachus—"They told me, Heracles, they told me you were dead..." at a memorial service.

But Irving declined to arrange the music. The reason: Callimachus, it seems, was a poet whose private life was questionable.

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EALING STUDIOS

Sir Michael Balcon, Knight of the Round Table... and (above) the Ealing 'arms'.

"It doesn't matter," said Ernest sternly, "we don't want men like that working for Ealing Studios."

There was the day when Michael Balcon saw the Ealing star writer T. E. B. Clarke walking in the studio.

"Why aren't you at Ascot?" he asked him sternly. Tibby Clarke, who wrote "Passport to Pimlico" and "Lavender Hill Mob," replied that his producer needed him for a script conference. Within five minutes the producer was on the carpet.

Said Balcon: "How do you expect Clarke to do good work if you don't let him go to the races?"

Then there was the day when Balcon received congratulations on his knighthood.

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"It isn't me, old boy," he spluttered. "It's the studio that's been knighted." He believed that, for to Balcon his own identity has merged into the studio and the studio's identity into his.

## The ghosts

THOSE were the days. Now they are over. So come to the Red Lion and meet some of the ghosts.

There in a corner is Jack Priesley, sucking at his pipe, discussing the day's work. Here is another group—Sir Campbell Mackenzie, Richard Hughes, Nicholas Monnarat, Sir William Walton, and even Henry Moore, Grace Fields, and George Formby, Tommy Trinder, and Diana Dors.

They were rare interlopers, for Ealing's world was largely peopled by strong, silent men.

But Grace Fields is remembered—and Stewart Granger and Joan Simmons, Joan Greenwood, Mal Zetterling.

Look at the door. A number of small noses are pressed against the glass. They are waiting to give Jack Hawkins a cheer as he goes out.

And here is the final visitor—the man behind it all—Sir Michael Balcon, putting his head nervously round the door, for he believed in staying away from the place where the boys "could blow off steam."

"Ah, I thought I'd find you here."

Time, gentlemen, please. (COPYRIGHT)

Twenty-first century opera is represented in "Wozzeck" by the Viennese composer, Alban Berg.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, always reserved in Vienna for important musical occasions, completes the list.

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the oldest permanent orchestra, will play with the company as always. It was, in fact, the survival of this great orchestra through the war that enabled Dr. Joseph Krips to re-establish the Opera Company only a month after the war's end.

First they gave performances, lacking in almost everything from a proper auditorium to adequate heating, but not in musical splendour, in various small Viennese theatres and salons. Then they moved to the historic Theatre an der Wien.

There, in the theatre built by Schikaneder, librettist of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," they spent the ten years pending reconstruction of their true home.

Their several foreign tours showed musicians abroad that, homeless, they still presented unrivalled productions. And in the interim they recruited many notable new singers.

So today, back in the citadel of Viennese opera, the company will be heard in a finer setting than ever in the reconstructed and superbly equipped new building.

The words chosen when the theatre was first opened in those golden Hapsburg days will again be true: "The Vienna State Opera is the most beautiful and most important of all theatres."

The Wagner opera is "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," his spectacular, middle-period work based on the song contests of medieval Germany. The chief roles of Beckmesser, the town clerk turned comic, and Hans Sachs, the famous Nuremberg master craftsman, are played by the two leading singers.

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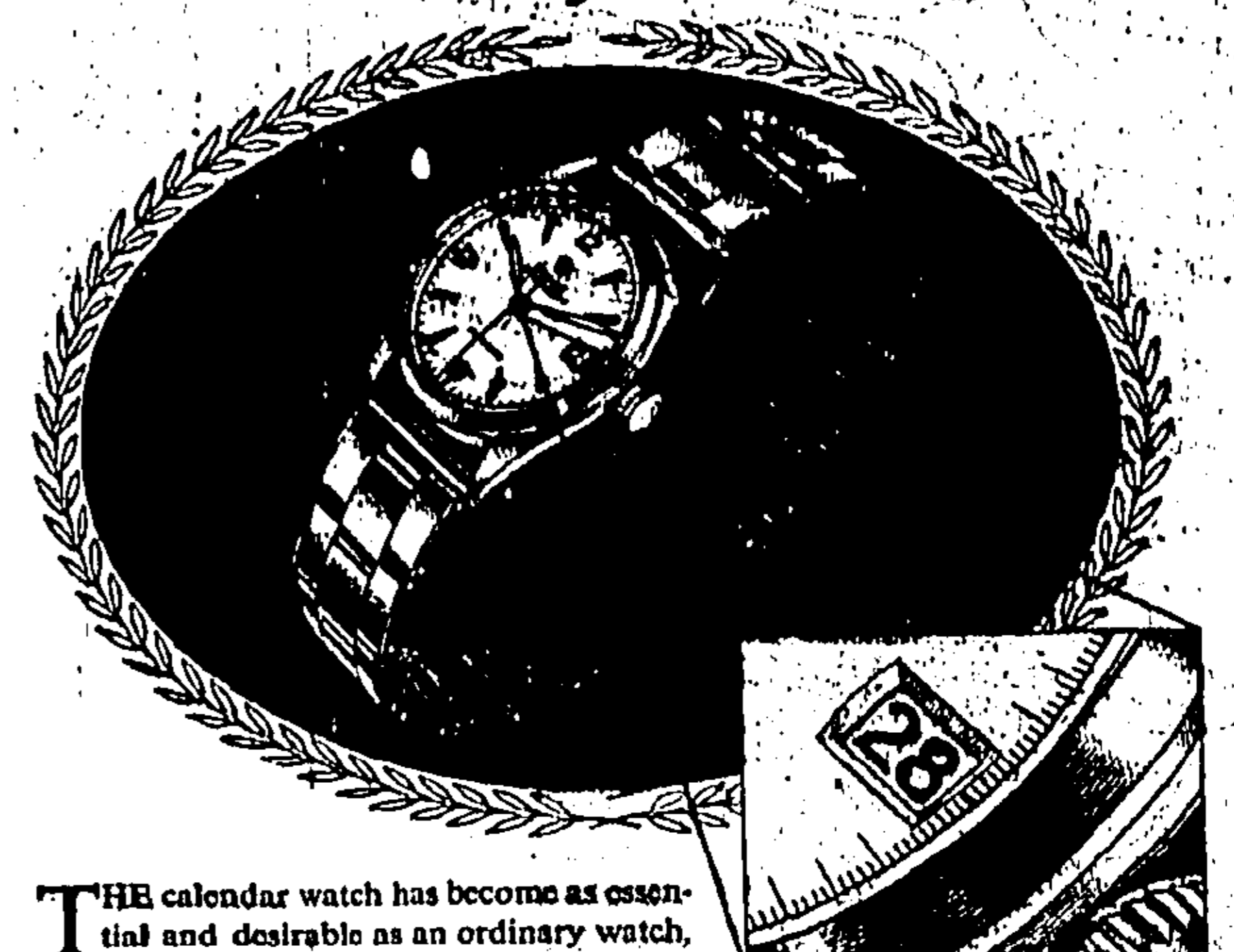
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# With all respect to SOHO, it's not like the legend

London. If Soho were a film star I'd say it had the best publicity agent in the business.

If Soho were a crook I'd say it was running a confidence trick.

If Soho were a barmaid I'd say it was the brassy kind who sounds worse than she is.

If Soho were a Square Mile of Vice I'd say we're all weak.

If Soho were a collection of undistinguished streets and squares bounded by Oxford Street, Regent Street, Charing Cross Road, and Leicester Square, with cafes in it almost as good as Brighton's and almost as expensive as Mayfair's, a few dirty bookshops, a few junk shops, some fancy sausage shops and some Oriental vegetable shops, some grubby cinema offices, and a collection of dingy basement drinking clubs I'd say "That's about it."

There are knife fights in Soho. So there are in the back streets of Derby. There are sinister-looking men on pavement corners, having surreptitious flurries on the 2.30. So there are in the side streets of any big town.

WHAT IS SOHO? Soho is the shady off-centre of any big town, only more so.

Soho is "Hello, my love" from almost every unused doorway.

SOHO is the smart new Espresso cafe with three girls chattering in French. One rises to ask a pale-faced macintosh man for a light. Slowly he pulls a lighter from his pocket. She blinks over, suddenly pockmarked in the flame-light, until she tenderly cups her hands over his and shields the lighter's flame.

She smiles her thanks and moves back to her seat. His lazy, practised eye falls down her legs and remarks her clumsy tourist's wedge-heeled shoes, then slowly reverts to passionless contemplation of his finger-nails.

Half an hour later he serves lunch at the Regent Palace.

Soho is anticlimax, where things look worse than they are because people like it that way. Soho is the tradesman saying: "Of course, Soho's not as bad as it's painted, but it's good for trade."

SOHO is the garish, strip-lit, scent-filled pub with the Pessimist saying, "Large gin." The barmaid says: "Don't cry, ducks, not here. The other night there were Teddy Boys climbing up the lamp-posts and toddlers on the shop blinds.



**Knife fights have focussed attention on Soho, London's foreign quarter, whose name, even to Londoners, always conjures up some mystery.**

Someone comes in for a glass of water. Someone's faint. I says, "Give them a cheap one. We'll never get it back." But we did."

A Welshman butts in: "Put-up job." The Pessimist agrees with him and has another large gin.

Soho is a giggle of girls outside the Hippodrome stage-door, queuing three hours early to greet Johnnie Ray.

I WENT to look for a tourist in Soho so I went to the best-known haunt. Sure enough, in came a man with a soft pink face and fluffy fair hair and a stolid wife and a northern accent. "Two Guinnesses," the man whispered doubtfully

to the barmaid. He had to say it three times because she did not hear him, and each time his pink face grew pinker.

His wife came up and told him to book a table for two for dinner.

"It won't be necessary," said the barmaid, but she passed on the message to a manager.

The smart young manager came round and bent over the couple, drawing them protectively aside. He straightened up and shouted, "Two Guinnesses Kirsch" to the barmaid.

The barmaid made up the pretty drinks, deep red in fancy glasses. Two regulars came in and took up the discarded Guinnesses.

The smart young manager left off hovering round the couple to come to the bar with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Turn that bottle round," he said. "I can never remember how to spell it." So the bottle of Guinness was turned round so that the label faced him.

Round the bottle's neck was also written "Garanti Pur Fruit."

The smart young man wrote out his recipe and handed it to the grateful couple. The pink-faced man, now emboldened, returned to the bar.

But he did not say "Two more Guinnesses Kirsch." He said "Two Gins and French."

Soho is a phoney. Soho does what it is expected to do. I like Soho, just as I like Chelsea . . . in small doses.

WET leaves lay flattened on the paving in the churchyard. Old, tilted, sooty grave-stones dripped. Only the tower of the church still stood.

At the side was the house we had just left, where a bowl of stew was being kept hot in front of a gas fire in the rector's bed-sitter. The bowl stood on a copy of "God in Patriotic Thought."

In the basement of the house, several floors below, the band of the Tahiti Club thumped happily away. We entered through the churchyard.

The curate led the way in with two of his social workers. The curate and the barmaid congratulated each other on their picture in an illustrated magazine.

"I'm not a one-man mission to clear up Soho," said the curate. "I'm just letting them get to know me and getting to know them."

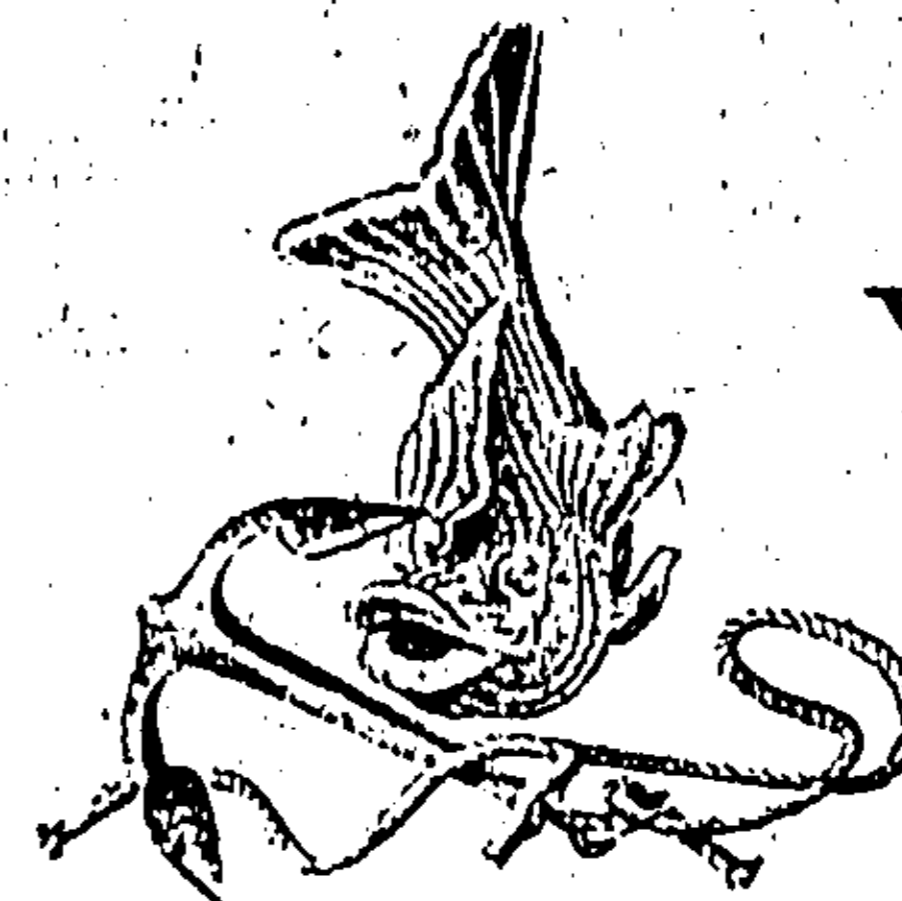
The owner of the club came up, calling the curate "Padre." Sharp at 11 p.m. the band stopped and the owner kept shouting: "Finish your drinks so that the band can go on playing."

"Are you going to be one of us?" said one of the social workers to the other.

Outside, in Dean Street and Frith Street and Wardour Street, the Soho chorus sang its loud-est. "Hello, my love. Hello, my love."

THE wet cars shone brilliantly in the neon light. Some of them may have been stolen. Some of the aimless, damp men may have been crooks.

But the big money soon went West to Mayfair, the drunken sailors disappeared down the escalators, and the tourists went off to their hotels. Gone midnight Soho is a pretty quiet place. (COPYRIGHT)



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IF YOU KNEW BURGESS AS I KNEW BURGESS . . .

## A Highly Personal Opinion On A Very Public Subject

By OSBERT LANCASTER

THE capacity of our elected representatives for infinite time-wasting is well established.

Nevertheless, their announced intention of devoting a day or more to discussing Burgess and Maclean surely achieves a new high in mistiming.

With the Middle East liable to burst into flame any moment, a financial situation so grave that we must not call it a crisis, plus all the usual seasonal excitements, one would have thought that any further discussion of the missing diplomats might now be carried on in the bar.

### No blow

PERSONALLY, I am far from regarding B. and M.'s departure as a grave blow to Britain's security and prestige.

With the inside knowledge of one who worked for more than a year with Burgess in the same department I do not hesitate to maintain that if the Russians have taken him on their pay-roll they're going to have their biggest headache since the Berlin air-lift.

For among his many exceptional qualities was an ability, developed to a degree which I have never encountered elsewhere, to answer at length any and every question except that one put to him.

How vividly can I picture the scene in the duty office of the Commissar in charge of the Western Department of the Russian Foreign Office!

### Long story

ENTER Burgess, an air of simulated diffidence imperfectly masking an hysterical determination to impart unwanted information. In his right hand, half-hidden by the palm, a three-quarters smoked cigarette. (All his cigarettes were always three-quarters smoked.)

rather hoping that you will be able to help us to bring up to date some of our Personality Reports. Now shall we perhaps start with Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick? Perhaps you would be so kind as to sketch in his social and political background?"

Burgess: "Certainly, certainly. In fact I'm very glad you've asked me that. But I'm afraid it's going to be rather a long story—perhaps if I could have a drink?—thank you so much. Well . . ."

For the next half-hour the unfortunate Commissar is the puzzled recipient of a series of interesting reminiscences of B's youth at Cambridge.

Of a long account of Mr Crossman's position in the Socialist Party.

Of a brief resume of the arguments with which he, Burgess, had floored Professor Berlin in academic discussion.

Of an interminable series of laughable anecdotes, but never a single word about Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick.

Finally, the unfortunate man somehow manages to bring the interview to an end. He is left keenly dissatisfied, but also with an uneasy feeling that B might



conceivably sometime, somewhere, be of some use.

After one or two more such interviews this feeling, much fainter, still prevents him from transferring the new recruit to Vorkutsk forthwith, but does not shake his determination to get him out of the department.

Bureau duty being the same the world over, he accordingly sends him off with a warm recommendation to the Commissar in charge of Racial Minorities or Popular Culture.

### Maybe . . .

AND so the same old routine goes on and on until the unlucky day when Burgess comes up against a short-tempered Commissar with a nasty hang-over and a gun in his bureau drawer. Or, maybe he does not, for his powers of self-preservation are incredibly highly developed.

Perhaps, years hence, some traveller on the Outer Mongolian steppe will be astonished to hear that eager, well-informed voice, a little thickened by the nineteenth bowl of fermented mare's-milk since breakfast, sharing laughable reminiscences with a diminished but still attentive audience of Uzbek pashas.

That's all very well, you may say, but think of all the Foreign Office secrets he took with him! What secrets? For one does not need any inside knowledge of the Foreign Office to realise that secrets are there very few and far between.

By and large Foreign Office secrets are like hot news—of interest for a strictly limited period, seldom exceeding 24 hours.

dispositions. Occasionally he may be aware of decisions on high policy, taken but not announced.

But as all our Foreign Secretaries for the last 10 years have suffered from an occupational disease inhibiting them from coming to any decision ever, such secrets in Mr B's time were naturally limited in number.

### And Maclean?

AND Maclean? What about him? As my acquaintance with him was slight and purely social my opinion lacks authority.

But I should very much doubt whether in the time he spent in the office between visits to the psychiatrist he could have acquired half as much information tending to damage Anglo-American relations as the average Washington columnist puts into his column every week.

But surely, it may be argued there is the grave question of the efficiency of our security services? There most certainly is.

But if, like me, you hold the old-fashioned view that the first duty of the Secret Service is to be secret, the value of debating its alleged shortcomings on the floor of the House is open to question. For, after all, these are the serious days of peace. It was different in the good old times of total war, when the usual establishment had been reinforced by a whole host of mysterious organisations covered by a bewildering variety of initials all gunning for each other first and the enemy second.

But these happy days are over, and what good discussing the existing set-up is going to do is by no means clear.

### So shrewd

THE temptation for the House, so many of whose members disguised as brigadiers or civil servants themselves occupied prominent positions in the cloak-and-dagger business, is obviously strong. That they will resist it is probably too much to hope for.

But let no one forget that the untimely departure of B. and M. behind the Iron Curtain was probably one of the shrewdest moves in all the glad, cold war. And none the less effective for being, like so many of our diplomatic triumphs, presumably unintentional.

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## EVE PERRICK Says....

### After That Miss World Fuss, Now The Same Judges Pick

WHILE a certain section of society was concerned with the selection of a young lady to wear the crown of "Miss World" (19-year-old Susana Djuim of Venezuela got the title, you may remember) I decided to run my own "Mr. World" contest.

I enlisted the same judges who were collectively responsible (although individually most of them denied it) for Miss Djuim's victory.

I gathered together 23 contestants from 23 different countries of origin (three more than the "Miss World" sponsors got), ranging alphabetically from Mr. Argentine in the person of Dick Haymes to Mr. USSR (another scoop over the "Miss Worlders," who didn't get any Iron Curtain entries) represented by Vladimir Zeldin.

They were all film stars, a sure enough sign of success in the good looks department, and they were picked for their face value alone from the photographic library.

A handsomer bunch of boys couldn't have been recruited anywhere, in my opinion. And photographs, unlike real-life beauty contestants, don't give any trouble.

But, of course, real-life judges sometimes do.

#### Beautiful man

There was, for instance, that well-known plain speaker SIR GERALD KELLY, first of the five official "Miss World" judges on whom I called for help, deciding to be more choosy than I had allowed for.

"Perfectly dreadful...my God...my God...my God..." muttered the Past President of the Royal Academy, flicking through the pictures. "He's got a friendly face" ("Mr. India"—Sabu) "...my God...my God...he looks tough enough" ("Mr. USA"—Gregory Peck) "...my God...my God..."

"No, I won't play. I simply won't play. They are all absolutely frightful."

Sir Gerald, however, suggested his own "Mr. World"—"C. B. Fry, the cricketer. He's around 90" and still looks magnificent. I remember him when he was young. He looked like a piece of the Parthenon frieze come to life—a beautiful man!"

\* C. B. Fry is 83.

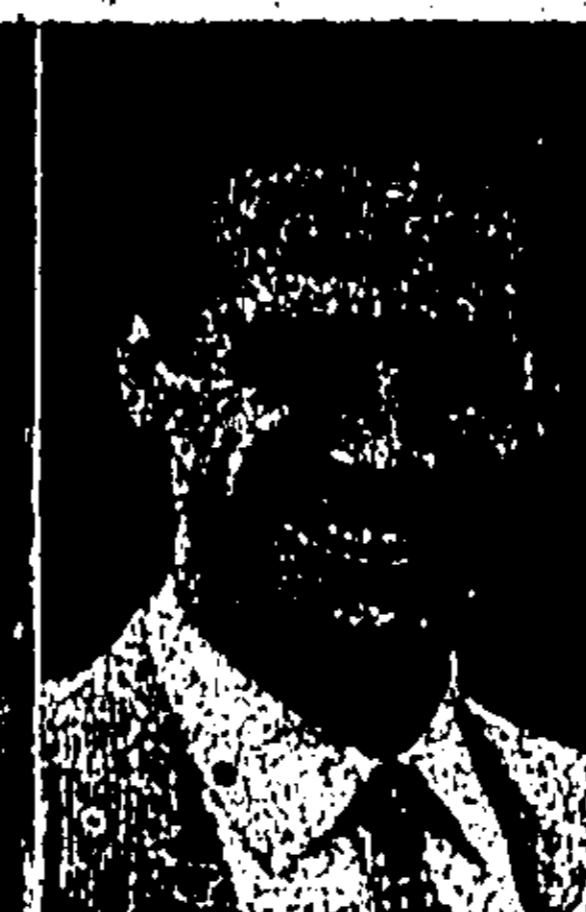
# MISTER WORLD



**Mr. U.S.A.**  
—known to some as Gregory Peck. Aged 29. A whole-chasing type.



**Mr. BRITAIN**  
—Richard Burton, aged 29, the runner-up, with "Swanson eyes."



**Mr. SPAIN**  
—Mario Cabre, aged 28, the handsome hero of the ball-rings.

#### "Mr. WORLD"

Sweden's Alf Kjellin, blue-eyed Nordic type, aged 28, unanimously elected No. 1 dream-man by the women's vote.

(For the record, Sir Gerald's comments on the "Miss World" line-up were almost as unflattering. "They've all got stupid expressions. I personally chose 'Miss USA' because she was the only girl there with good wrists. I'm a painter and I look for things like that.")

MISS GLORIA SWANSON, the next judge, was far more enthusiastic. "Ooh, much more fun than judging beauty queens. Wait until I get my glasses." Miss Swanson spread the photographs over her desk. "Oh dear, am I only allowed three?"

she pleaded. "Fraid so," I said. "Well then, sorry, old friend," sighed Miss Swanson, ruefully discarding "Mr. Mexico"—Gibby Roland, and "Mr. Hungary"—Paul Lukas. "No room here for sentiment."

"Now who's this dream man?" "Mr. Sweden," name of Alf Kjellin, I said.

#### Lucky dips

Miss Swanson, of Swedish stock herself, corrected my pronunciation, and said: "Now promise me he's not round-shouldered or anything like that, and I'll vote for him."

I spoke up for the Viking breed and Miss Swanson made two more lucky dips.

"He has eyes just like my uncle—Swanson eyes," she said of "Mr. Great Britain"—Richard Burton, her second choice. And: "I don't blame Ava Gardner for

falling for him," about "Mr. Spain"—bullfighter Mario Cabre.

"Unaccustomed as I am to male film stars," declared Judge No. 3, MR. JACK HYLTON, "here goes:—

"Carl Brisson" ("Mr. Denmark") "because he has survived the years and still has his own teeth, his own hair, and, as far as we know, his own public."

"Gregory Peck," because whether he is struggling through a desert or chasing a whale he has the greatest powers of endurance known to man."

"Anton Walbrook" ("Mr. Austria") "He has the charm of old Vienna and roughly the same historical significance."

It was perhaps unfortunate that my next photo-call was on MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD.

Miss G., a little weary of the labours involved in the "Miss World" business, perked up considerably when told she could spend the next five minutes

with 23 pictorial samples of male beauty.

But the first picture that came under her wicked eye was that of Mr. Brisson, who follows her in carabaret at her current place of employment. "Grrr," growled Hermione. "If anyone picks him, I'll die."

"Consider yourself dead, dear," said I. "Mr. Hylton has done just that. Still, remember what they say about a woman's privilege, and take a look at the rest of the boys."

Miss Gingold did so—and emerged with the same choice as Miss Swanson, in triplicate. Sweden, Great Britain, and Spain—because they respectively brought out the mother, devil, and tomboy in her.

#### Final judge

Fifth and final judge, the dapper, debonaire dressmaker HARDY AMIES, came out strongly on the side of the Anglo-American brand of masculine good looks.

Disdainfully flinging the Latin like Cuba's (and Lucille Ball's) Desi Arnaz and Italy's (and Shelley Winters' one time) Vittorio Gassman across his lushly carpeted salon, he settled for Peck and Burton; then added "Mr. Canada"—Robert Beatty.

Overall reason for his selection? They had the sort of faces he wouldn't mind having himself.

So much for the jury's verdict. It was the unmathematically minded organizer of the contest who had to work out the final result. And according to my calculating system, which I admit is not terribly reliable but wonderfully elastic, "Mr. World" of 1955 turns out to be the Swede with the name only Gloria Swanson can pronounce—26-year-old Alf Kjellin.

Runners-up, America's Gregory Peck (aged 29), Great Britain's Richard Burton (29) (which makes this the first international beauty contest held at any time, any place where our representative has got into the first four), Spain's Mario Cabre (28).

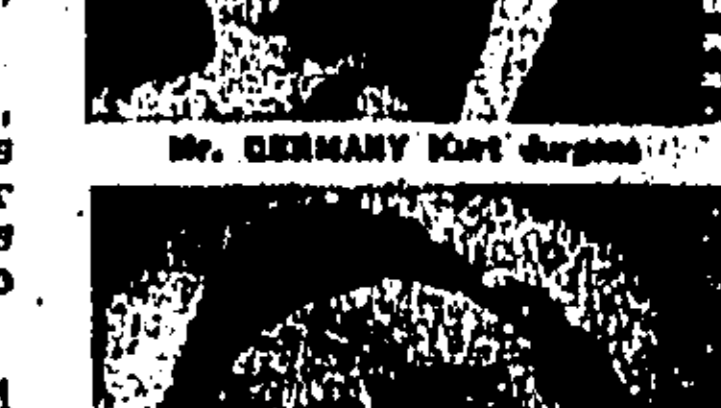
I regret that there are no prizes. Anyway, I imagine that none of the entrants is interested



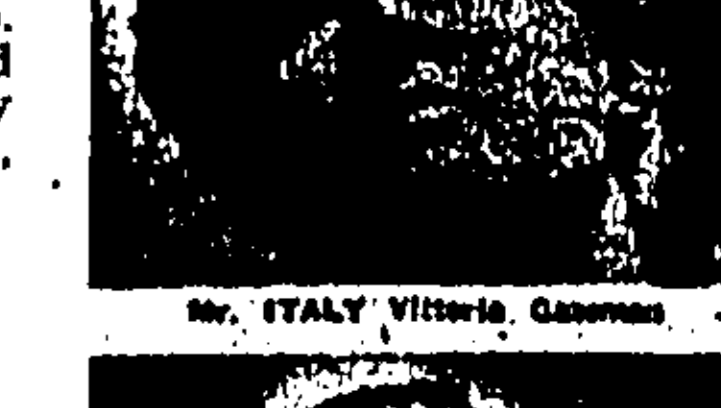
Mr. DENMARK Carl Brisson



Mr. U.S.A. Gregory Peck



Mr. BRITAIN Richard Burton



Mr. SPAIN Mario Cabre



Mr. AUSTRIA Anton Walbrook

in film contracts at this stage of his career.

On the other hand the winners certainly got themselves elected the easy way.

#### Man's world

They did not have to be weighed and measured. They did not have to spend hours on end in a draughty dance-hall rehearsing for the final parade in front of the judges. In fact, they did not have to turn up on parade at all.

They did not have to suffer the jollying-up tactics of a singing compe specially imported to put 'em through their paces. They didn't even have to leave home.

All of which the would-be "Miss Worlders" had to suffer. Even in a beauty contest, it's a man's world, it seems. (COPYRIGHT)

## Don't Blush, Says Miss Merman

(IF YOU'VE NEVER HAD A LESSON IN YOUR LIFE)

by  
**MURIEL BOWEN**

WHETHER she is singing or just talking, Ethel Merman, the American musical comedy star, is much like a cyclone. She sweeps into the view and away again like a gale. Her voice, which has earned \$8,928 for one solitary TV appearance, bursts across the footlights with an exhilaration that grips the audience firmly by the throat. I have never had the same sort of experience either before or since seeing her in New York in the musical "Call Me Madam."

Now she puts that pep and personality in describing her rise from a most incompetent secretary to America's best-known musical star.

The story is loud and brassy. There is plenty a

rooting and a-tooting for the merits of Miss Merman. But then these are the things, or so we are led to believe, that have helped get her places.

"I do one basic thing... I belt the lyrics over the footlights like a baseball player belting balls to an outfield," says Miss Merman, who has never had a singing lesson in her life.

Being shy about one's talents is all wrong. Counsels Miss M.: "Face it bravely, sister. Admit it instead of blushing prettily, twisting your apron and scruffing your toe in the dust."

But all this self-confidence came after she had been a secretary. At \$12 a week she was more a liability

than a help round the office. She was employed by the patents man in a motor firm. Life revolved round the mechanical bits and pieces of motor-cars. When the boss got letters which he had dictated back for signing he found he had to write in the technical bits in longhand.

Observes Miss Merman, looking back from her present heights: "I bobbled the technical gibberish... he didn't dictate quickly, but the phrases he used were out of my sphere."

Success has brought her all the things that other women dream of, most of all she values her luxurious home in Denver to which she has now retired to enjoy the company of her husband (her third, president of an airline) and two young children. Even when the help walks out the glittering "madam" finds

she can confidently cope with the scrubbing and the washing and not put off the guests who are invited to the barbecue. Incidentally, she never mentions a dinner party. It is always a barbecue.

But there were the up-and-coming years when getting "an original" on the wall and progressing from musquash to mink meant an awful lot more than anything else.

When the money came rolling in buying the right originals and the right clothes was not all that easy. Miss Merman is absolutely frank about it. It was not until friends visited her flat and asked about a painting over the fireplace that she realised that she had bought it without asking the name of the artist.

"I found out later that the chic thing to do would have been to have given them the name of the artist, but the man in the gallery who'd sold it to me just called it 'an original'."

But for all her light-hearted banter Miss Merman gets down every so often to her "philosophy."

No 46, she gives her latest addition to that philosophy:

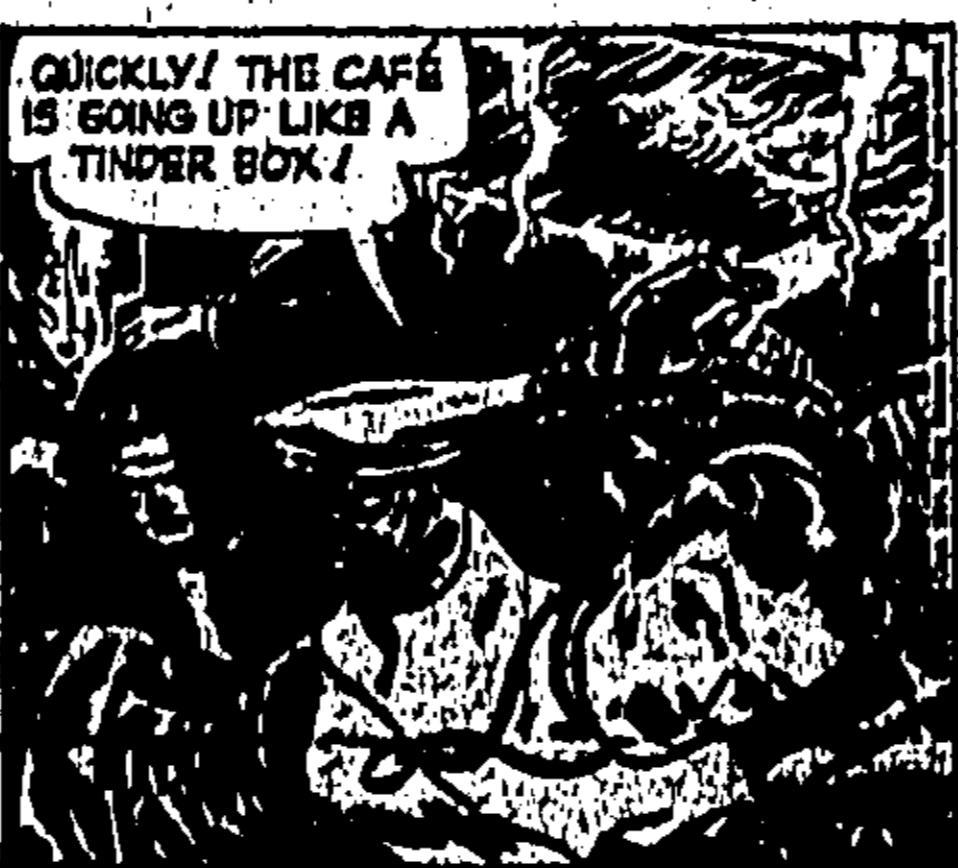
"Now that I'm older, I know that being attractive is better than being beautiful. Beauty doesn't last long, and attractiveness doesn't rub off easily."



ETHEL MERMAN  
"I belt the lyrics over the footlights... like a baseball player belting balls to an outfield."

\* Don't Call Me Madam, by Ethel Merman. W. H. Allen, 10s.

#### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a  
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TOP RIGHT: An alternative fill-in top for the dress shown on the left. This is in white pleated silk with a striped scarf neckline.  
CENTRE: A toque in silk velvet in the new Medici style with a very fine chenille-spotted veil and matching scarf.  
LOWER LEFT: Another inset for the dress shown at the top left. This is in cream pleated satin with a large, fly-away bow at the neckline. There are also cuffs to match.  
LOWER RIGHT: Handbag and umbrella cover in box calf. Note the two colour fringe trimming in antelope leather.

While accessories can add chic to an outfit or transform a simple dress into an elegant model, they can also have damaging effects...

## HOW TO CHOOSE &amp; WEAR ACCESSORIES

By MARIE FONTAINE

MAGGY ROUFF, Paris couturier referring to the little accessories which are so fashionable and popular today, has this to say about them:

"A love of accessories is particularly feminine. They can express a woman's taste, refinement and, in fact, personality. They can add immense chic to an outfit or completely ruin its appearance. Everyone wears shoes and carries bags and scarves, but it is the type, the proportions, the indefinable touch of originality and just a hint of craziness that transform a familiar object into an unusual, attractive and amusing ornament."

It is not only an elegant line which makes clothes smart. Tasteful accessories, carefully chosen and well-combined, can transform a simple dress into an exclusive-looking model.

## EXAMPLE

There are so many different accessories from which to choose these days that one can ring numerous changes on one good basic outfit, dressing it up or down, according to the occasion for which you wear it.

I saw an example of this recently in a Paris model—and the Parisienne, of course, is a recognized artist in the use of accessories. The dress was in fine, lightweight wool georgette with a low-cut, square neckline

which gave plenty of scope for a variety of neckline treatments. A soft fold round the neckline meant that contrasting yokes could be inserted invisibly.

A high-fastening white yoke made the dress look cool and smart. A red and white striped insertion with small revers was very youthful and gay. To obtain a sophisticated, smart appearance for late afternoon, a cream silk blouse was used. A very dainty effect was achieved by an insertion of starched Swiss embroidery. There was even a high-fastened inset made from the same material as the dress.

When this was buttoned in position it changes still further with different types of collars, bows, ties and scarves.

So if you are planning to have a new dress shortly and particularly if your budget is limited, it would be a good idea to choose a simple style to which you could add accessories and change its character according to your requirements.

You cannot do better than choose a good quality plain wool fabric. If you wear it, black is a good colour because it always looks right but any of the other basic colours would do equally well. Then you are free to add bright splashes of colour with different sets of accessories.

However, never have more than two accessories in the same colour, and do not wear the two accessories in the same colour close to each other. For

instance, it is better to have shoes and handbag in the same colour than hanging and gloves. Equal care should be given to the choice of jewellery. Earrings, which because of their position, immediately attract attention should not be too obtrusive for daytime wear if you are aiming at an elegant appearance. For that reason, pearl studs always look right with any ensemble but alternatively you can choose a colour to match the soft shade of a dress or hat.

## PROBLEM

Necklaces, too, can present quite a problem, for they do not look right with all dresses and I feel it is often better to go without any and concentrate on bracelets. You can be freer in your choice of these without fear of spoiling the harmony of your outfit.

A brooch, well-chosen and well-placed, can become part of your ensemble and the focal point of attention, but do not wear one just for the sake of it.

You can obtain a great deal of pleasure in choosing accessories and deciding on different colour combinations but do remember that while they can improve an outfit and add chic, they can equally well ruin the whole effect of beautiful material and balanced line. If they are exaggerated or badly combined.

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## What Kind Of Hat Should A Woman Wear?

By Betty Wilson

WHY do women come to Paris? This week Paris milliners thought they had the answer. "Women come to Paris to buy a new Paris hat," they declared, then added frankly, and sadly, "The trouble is that the new Paris hats aren't what women want."

The milliners say there are two reasons why women have stopped buying Paris bonnets. First, the hats which the Paris dress designers are showing are designed to complement the new winter line but not to complement women.

Big, bulky and important—all new millinery adjectives that have come into our vocabulary since the new bonnet style came in—these hats are inspired by flying saucers or by an American trapper's con-skin cap. But who, say the milliners, wants to look like Daniel Boone or a rocket launching site?

Secondly they add that they blame themselves for the anti-Paris hat feeling.

## QUITE ABSURD

Milliners, it seems, have swung to the opposite extreme and have been making too many pretty, close-fitting bits of nonsense, which are flattering, but look quite absurd when they are topped the long, drawn-out line.

Now a new campaign is aimed at combining both qualities. Flattering from hat to hat in his tiny twin salons which are both hung with ruby-red velvet wherever ruby-red velvet will stick, Monsieur Albouy, one of the best-known men milliners in Paris, told me how it is done. He explained that it was all a matter of proportion.

## OPOSED

"If the proportions are right, then a hat doesn't have to be big and bulky to balance the line," he said, adding that he, and most other milliners were completely opposed to head-enveloping, brow-touching hats.

The Albouy hats all reveal the brow and are set on to bracelet-bands so that they stand away from the head in a curiously elegant neck-lengthening line. These larger hats are shaped like Chinese fans, or are square-cut berets made in brightly-checked tweeds. All look important, but—first shot in the milliners' campaign—not one fits down on the eyebrows.

Velvet-covered clamps, shaped like kims—curls or flattened

lobster claws, hold on smaller hats which have the same new detached look about them. Monsieur Albouy—a red rose in his buttonhole to match his declared, then added frankly, another from the gilt-metal bulrushes and ferns which serve as hat-stands in his salons—a little black astrakhan pill-box feathers—a mushroom made of white ermine, set back on a black velvet saucer so that it stands out like an ermine halo—a little crown of mink, sitting high and pretty, and softened with a beekeeper's veil made of mink-brown tulle.

## FULL OF WIT

"Not aggressive, as you see," said Monsieur Albouy, twirling ermine tufts and mink comets, "but full of wit—and flattering—that is what women come to Paris to buy."

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## Tailored Tweed Ensemble



"Bon Voyage," a tailored tweed ensemble from Jeanne Lanvin. The coat is lined with red fox. The loose-waisted jacket has white collar and low flap pockets.  
—Agence France-Press.

## BELGIAN DRESS SHOW IN LONDON

## FASHION IS BECOMING INTERNATIONAL

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

LOOKING at the clothes displayed by the Belgian fashion group at the Anglo-Belgian club last week was like seeing our own reflection. For the Belgians appear to share our fashion taste.

They are the makers of wearable clothes rather than the originators of new lines.

They pick out the details of current fashion that are acceptable to the average woman who is moderate in fashion but is exacting in taste. Some of their designs have the new semi-fitted jackets. Coats are lined with a silk print to match the dress with which they are worn.

Short evening dresses are princess in style, sitting closely at the waist, and sweeping out into a full skirt. Afternoon dresses, similar in style, have a band encircling the skirt at hip level. Evening dresses contrive to be gay without being jazzy, some in stiff duchess satin, others in pastel lace.

The Belgian designers also experiment with novelty materials—jacquard printed cotton, glazed jersey, satin-striped wool, and printed satin. To most of us the idea of washing our top coat at home is still a novelty. But at this show there were, several, in nylon fur fabric or orlon, that could be washed at home.

## ★ ★ ★

The hats have much the same shade of absurdity tempered with usefulness as British numbers. They include the shady hat with the big brim, the cloche hat which almost obscures vision, the baggy beret which looks like a bath cap and the high-crowned turban which has stepped to the West from the East.

Their casual clothes are stylish—light flaring jeans in an oriental cotton print, a finger tip jacket in white cotton to wear with bathing costumes, and a sundress in deckchair striped cotton.

They have a habit of producing surprise numbers, rather like Haydn's Surprise Symphony, to lure our interest when the show dulls. Surprise came in the form of a long, loose, white, cape-fronted raincoat and evening robe with tulle. But what was a sea coat? Was it to be washed at home? Or was it to be worn elsewhere?

They give raincoats the colour and style we have come to

associate with rainwear. But they are proofed poplin, oxford, felt-like wool, and waffle in wysteria blue, and flamenco pink.

This Belgian show, together with several other Continental shows in London, illustrates that fashion is becoming international. Dior sells his latest creations in Tokyo as well as London, and London designers, after the recent Russian trade visit, now find their clothes in demand in Moscow. The Dutch are building up a new market in Britain, the Belgians now hope to do likewise, the Swedes hold how in London this month.

It means we have the pick of international fashions. But I wonder there's a sameness about them all.

## ★ ★ ★

Fabric makes news for upholstery in the new cars shown at the Motor Show. Among

them are the plastic materials, woven and printed to look like ordinary cloth. The advantage is that they can be kept clean by a wipe over with soap and water, are scratchproof and resistant to oilstains. Some of the other new plastics look so much like leather that it is hard to tell the difference. Others are not new, but are now to cars. One of these is woolen cloth woven with lures, the non-rust metallic material.

## ★ ★ ★

Noted at an exhibition of Scandinavian furniture: Cushion covers with concealed zips at one side for quick changing.

The new stainless steel cutlery given a still newer look. Handles are long, stem slim, as narrow as a pencil.

New way with coffee cups. Fine white pottery cups and saucers striped in green or red.



Wife wearing dress in silk with shimmering cotton and silk.

## Six Ways To Take Baths

By JEANNE D'ARCY

A BATH is a bath, or is it? We always thought it was, until we got talking to a doctor who pointed out that there's more than one kind.

First, there's the regular old bath in a tub full of scented warm water. Everyone knows about this type and all its beauty advantages—it's relaxing, restful and so forth.

Then, there's the shower bath. That's the kind you dive into in the morning, striving in vain not to get your hair wet. Incidentally, it's the best bath of all, because clean water is continually striking your body, washing soap and silt away.

Sponge baths are in the picture, too, but generally speaking, you only take one when you can't navigate the tub because you have a cold or are sick. All they require is a small bowl, soap, a sponge or cloth and a towel for drying off.

There's also a thing called a towel bath—but why anyone

would take all the trouble, we don't know. It involves soaking a towel in soapy water, squeezing it out and rubbing it vigorously over the body. The towel's then rinsed in clear water and rubbed over the body again. A dry towel follows, and it's rubbed over the body, too. Sounds like a lot of work.

There are two kinds of baths that require no soaping.

One's a cold water bath. Take it in the shower, tub or the handiest bay, river or stream. The icy water is good for you. It stimulates circulation. When it's all over, and your teeth stop chattering, you're supposed to have a nice warm glow and a feeling of well-being.

The other no-soap bath doesn't require water, either. It's an air bath, with the body completely exposed, and it's very popular at nudist colonies. You can try it out at home by removing your clothes and opening the windows—but only if the nearest neighbour is six miles away.

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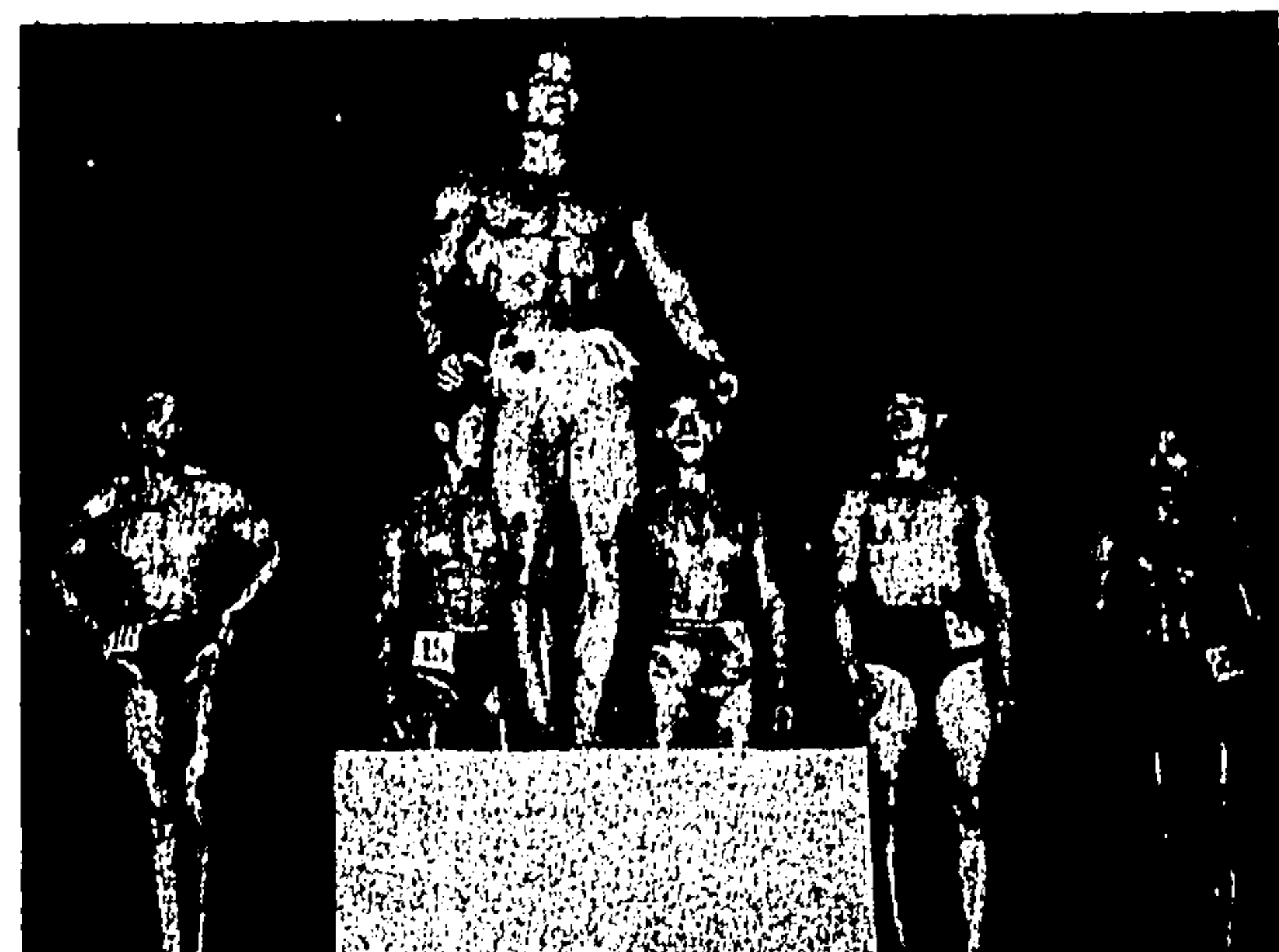
The "Fashion Show" of the year



GROUP picture taken at St Andrew's Church after the wedding on Tuesday of Lieutenant John Harris Chislett and Miss Tania Arnold. (Staff Photographer)



TWO Hongkong residents married recently at Kings Langley, Hertfordshire. They are: Mr William Arthur Knights and Miss Helen Kathleen Robinson. They are returning here this month. (K. Lindsay)



GENERAL Lawrence S. Kuter (left), Commander of the United States Far East Air Force, visited Hongkong last week-end. Pictured with him on his arrival at Kai Tak is Air Commodore A. D. Messenger, AOC Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



WINNER of the "Mr Hongkong" title at the competition held at the Pui Ching School last Saturday—Mr Lee Chung-hong. Twenty-nine contestants entered the contest. Prizes were presented by Mrs S. W. Chan. (Staff Photographer)



FILM actress Marsha Hunt (second from left) and her husband, Robert Presnell (right), with their Hongkong hosts, Mr and Mrs A. V. Alvares. They flew in on Monday for a short visit. (Staff Photographer)

MR John Mackenzie shaking hands with Mr Mok Hing-cheong at the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association cocktail party. On extreme left is Mr B. Pasco, President of the Association. (Staff Photographer)

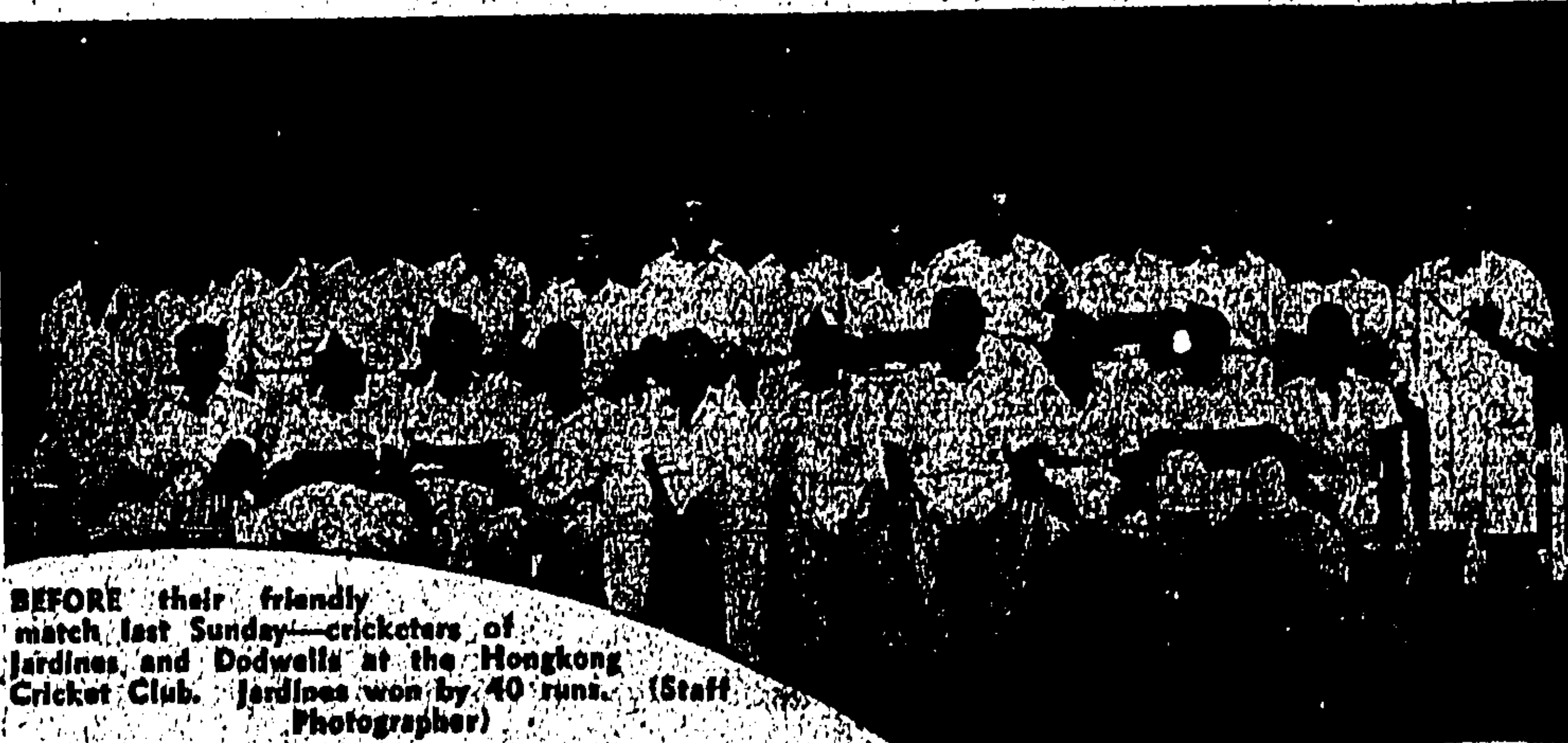


MR Wong Shang-I giving a demonstration of Chinese landscape painting at the Hongkong Art Club's social evening, held at Mr Luis Chan's studio. (Staff Photographer)

THE wedding took place last Sunday of Mr Lee Wah-hung and Miss Linda Tam. Picture above was taken at the wedding dinner at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs D. Y. Lin presenting prizes at the Founders' Day dinner of Chung Chi College. The dinner was held at the Ying Wah Girls' School. (Staff Photographer)



BEFORE their friendly match last Sunday—cricketers of Jardines and Dodwell at the Hongkong Cricket Club. Jardines won by 40 runs. (Staff Photographer)

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MRS Segruo, wife of Mr. W. Segruo, Senior Superintendent of Police, presenting the Dr S. W. Tso Cup to Mr S. W. Lee, Superintendent, Police Reserve, Western Division, which won the trophy at the annual competition parade at the Police Training School.



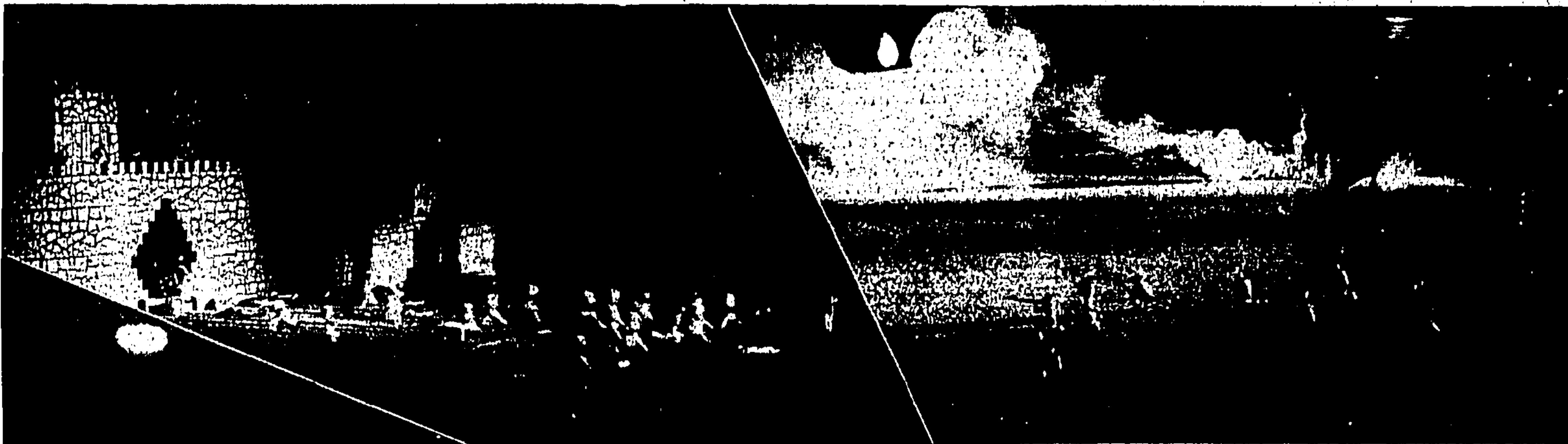
ENTRIES for the Tenth International Salon of Pictorial Photography came from 34 countries. Scene at the judging of the prints at the ABC Cafe last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Young contestants in the sack race at the annual sports of the Quarry Bay School. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at the Boys' and Girls' Clubs exhibition at the War Memorial Welfare Centre. One of several dances performed by the children is shown here. In lower picture, the visitors admire Christmas cards hand-painted by one of the boys. (Staff Photographer)



SOME highlights of the British Forces Tattoo at the Caroline Hill Stadium, which has been drawing big crowds. The tattoo will be repeated for the last time tonight. On the left, the Massed bands of four Regiments are seen in action. Above are two scenes in the tableau, "The Heroic Hope at San Sebastian," which re-enacts one of the most stirring chapters in the history of the King's Own Royal Regiment in the Peninsular War of 1813. A patrol of infantry snouts at the enemy on the ramparts of the fortress town, while artillery forces a breach in the wall for the attackers to enter. (Staff Photographer)



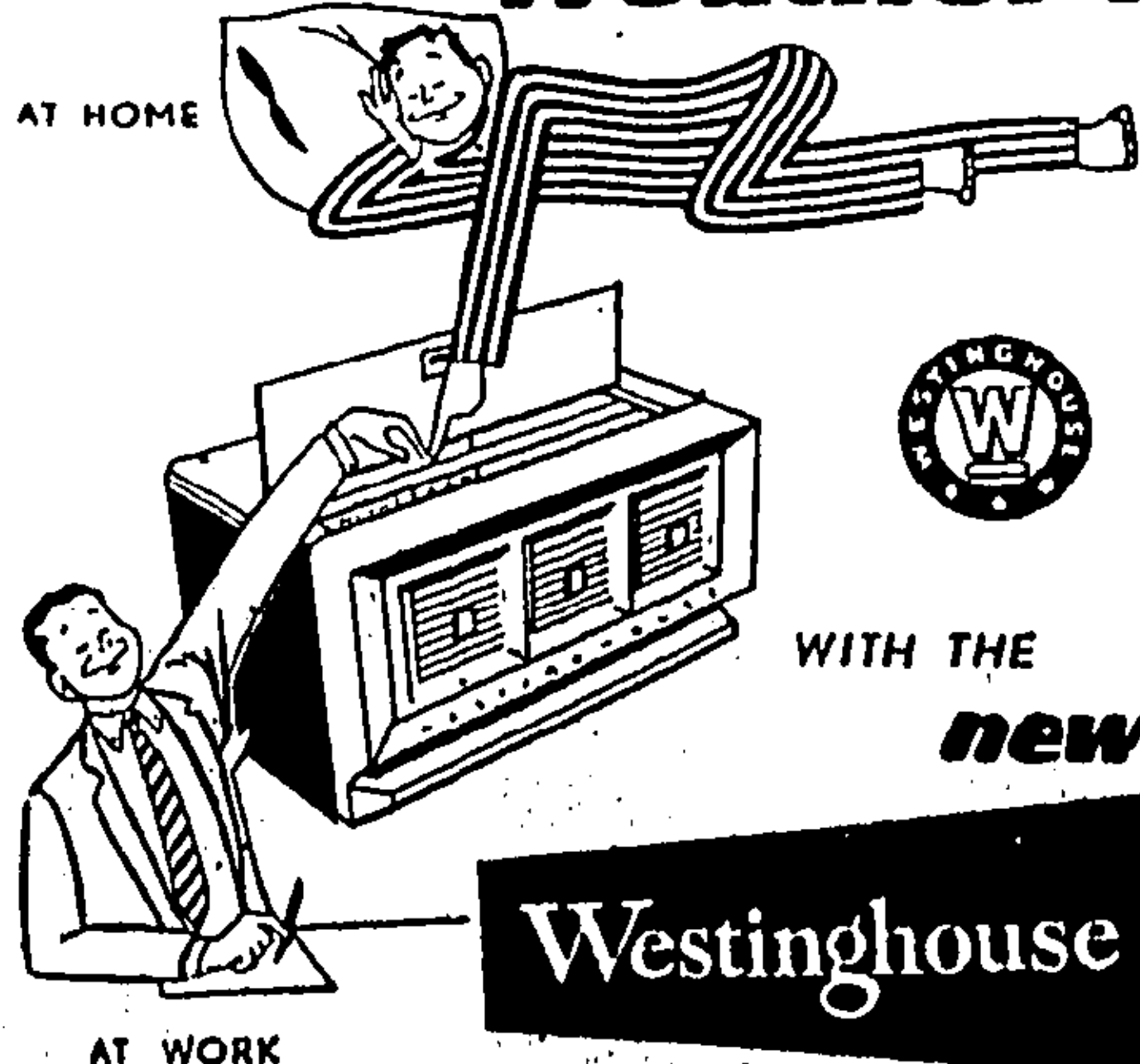
PUPILS of Mrs Lykke Rose in the two parts of the water ballet which they performed at the European YMCA swimming gala last Saturday. The girls with candles form a Christmas tree in the pool, very effective in the darkened auditorium. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group picture taken at the Keel Club Halloween fancy dress dance and barbecue at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. (Ming Yuen)

RIGHT: Miss Lindy Parks cutting the cake at her sixteenth birthday party, held at the Police Club last week. (Ming Yuen)



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## World's Strangest Stories

THE RIDDLE OF THE  
THREE EMPTY  
COFFINS

By Florence A. Kilpatrick

LONG before the death of the 26th Earl of Crawford and Balcarnea in 1880 there was a saying among the country people on the family estate of Dunochter that he would "dee awa' frae hame and his bairns no' rest w' his ain folk."

Whether this belief reached the ears of the noble earl's family is not known. It is significant, however, that he did "dee awa' frae hame"—in Florence on December 13, 1880. It is even more significant that elaborate plans were made to ensure that the body would be brought back safely to Scotland to be buried in the crypt at Dunochter.

A Florentine embalmer was entrusted with the embalming of the body which was placed in a casket of Italian wood, then one of lead, the two coffins were then put in one of heavy oak, and finally sealed in a casket of walnut wood.

All was set for the journey home but there were innumerable difficulties during the crossing of the Alps. At one stage it was suggested that it should be abandoned.

There was no better luck on the sea journey, for a violent storm sprang up in the Channel and the coffin was almost washed overboard.

Aberdeen was reached on December 24, but no house large enough could be found. The outer coffin of walnut had to be removed. At last through heavy rain and biting winds, the destination was reached.

Five days later the earl was laid to rest in the new mortuary chapel which had just been completed. The entrance was covered with four granite slabs and the spaces between were filled with mortar.

Obstinate and superstitious villagers continued to shake their heads. Several months later it was pointed out that there was a fissure between the stones. This was filled with cement and iron railings were erected as a greater protection.

Three months later Mr Yeats, the Crawford's lawyer in Aberdeen, received a strange letter. It was badly written and contained the information: "The remains of the late Earl of Crawford are not beneath the chapel at Dunochter, but were removed last spring."

The letter was signed "Nabob."

Mr Yeats ignored it, but exactly one year after the interment workmen at Dunochter reported that the soil over the crypt had been disturbed.

Mr Yeats immediately sent for the police and instructed them to examine the crypt.

Footprints in the earth were found. So were various tools, spades and picks. It was seen that the heavy outer slab over the entrance to the crypt had been moved out of position and prepped up by a block of wood.

The police removed the second slab and entered the crypt.

Here a terrifying sight met their eyes. The three coffins stood upended and they were empty. The body of the earl had disappeared.

This apparently motiveless outrage created more excitement and sensation than this quiet part of the countryside had ever known before.

Mr Yeats then inserted an advertisement in the local Press offering £50 reward to the writer of the anonymous letter for more information.

He received no reply, but the London solicitors of the Crawford family got the next communication from "Nabob."

In it he declared that "the body of the late Earl of Crawford is still in Aberdeenshire," but went on to explain that he dare not reveal anything further as he was in danger of his life if the men who committed the crime discovered his purpose. Other rambling statements never less convinced the solicitors that "Nabob" had important information to reveal.

They at once issued placards announcing:

## £2000 REWARD

Whereas the body of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarnea has been taken from the vault at Dunochter, a reward of £100 will be paid by Her Majesty's Government and a further reward of £2000 will be paid by Messrs. Hogg & Co. Solicitors to any person who shall first give such information as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of the perpetrator of the offence and the Home Secretary will advise the grant of Her Majesty's

WARDON to any accomplice not being the person who actually committed the offence who shall first give such information.

The bait of £2000 brought instant response. The solicitors were deluged with letters from people who were ready to swear to their complicity in the outrage. But "Nabob" remained silent.

Then a gamekeeper called Macbray gave the police information which led to their arresting a man called Charles Soutar.

Soutar, a rat-catcher and poacher, did not have a good record. He did not deny that he was "Nabob," and readily told a strange tale.

At 11 o'clock one night near the end of April he was poaching in Dunbrack Wood when two men came in him. Both had masks on their faces and spoke with Aberdeenshire accents.

Two more men approached. They spoke, he said, "like English country," they also were masked. One of them raised a pistol as if to shoot him, but one of the men said: "Don't shoot. It's only a poacher. We know him."

The man with the gun then said to Soutar: "You're known to our party, and if you ever utter a word of what you've seen tonight you'll pay for it with your life. Get out."

Soutar ran away, but the following day he could not resist returning to Dunbrack Wood and found the spot where he had been attacked. He now stood in a newly raised mound in the undergrowth. With ideas of burial in a grave, he went away, returning with a pick, and began to turn up the soil.

It was not treasure he unearthed. It was a corpse, wrapped in a blanket. Remembering the threats he had received the previous night, he hastily reburied the body and fled.

Later, however, he wrote the anonymous letters to the solicitors.

The police, not fully convinced by the story, went to Dunochter.

The police now returned to Soutar's story. They refused to believe that he was not implicated in the outrage and he was arrested and committed for trial.

On October 23, 1882, nearly two years after the death of the earl in Florence, Soutar appeared before the High Court, Edinburgh.

He was accused of having broken into the crypt at Dunochter House some time between April and September, 1881, breaking open the coffins, removing the embalmed body. He pleaded not guilty.

The court was crowded. Witnesses were called who testified that Soutar had been seen hanging around the estate for several weeks between April and May.

Others, who had met him in public houses, testified that Soutar when intoxicated had spoken of "a body missing fra' the tomb."

The most important witness was Macbray, the gamekeeper, on whose information Soutar had been arrested. He testified that on two occasions Soutar declared he knew where the missing body of the earl was to be found, but he had not credited Soutar's story. Soutar, however, made further revelations to him and was so emphatic—particularly when under the influence of drink—that Macbray had got in touch with the police.

There were no witnesses for the defence. The speech by Mr Ashor, the Solicitor-General, was meretricious. There was no shadow of doubt, he said, that the accused had removed the body with the sole idea of running off with it for a reward.

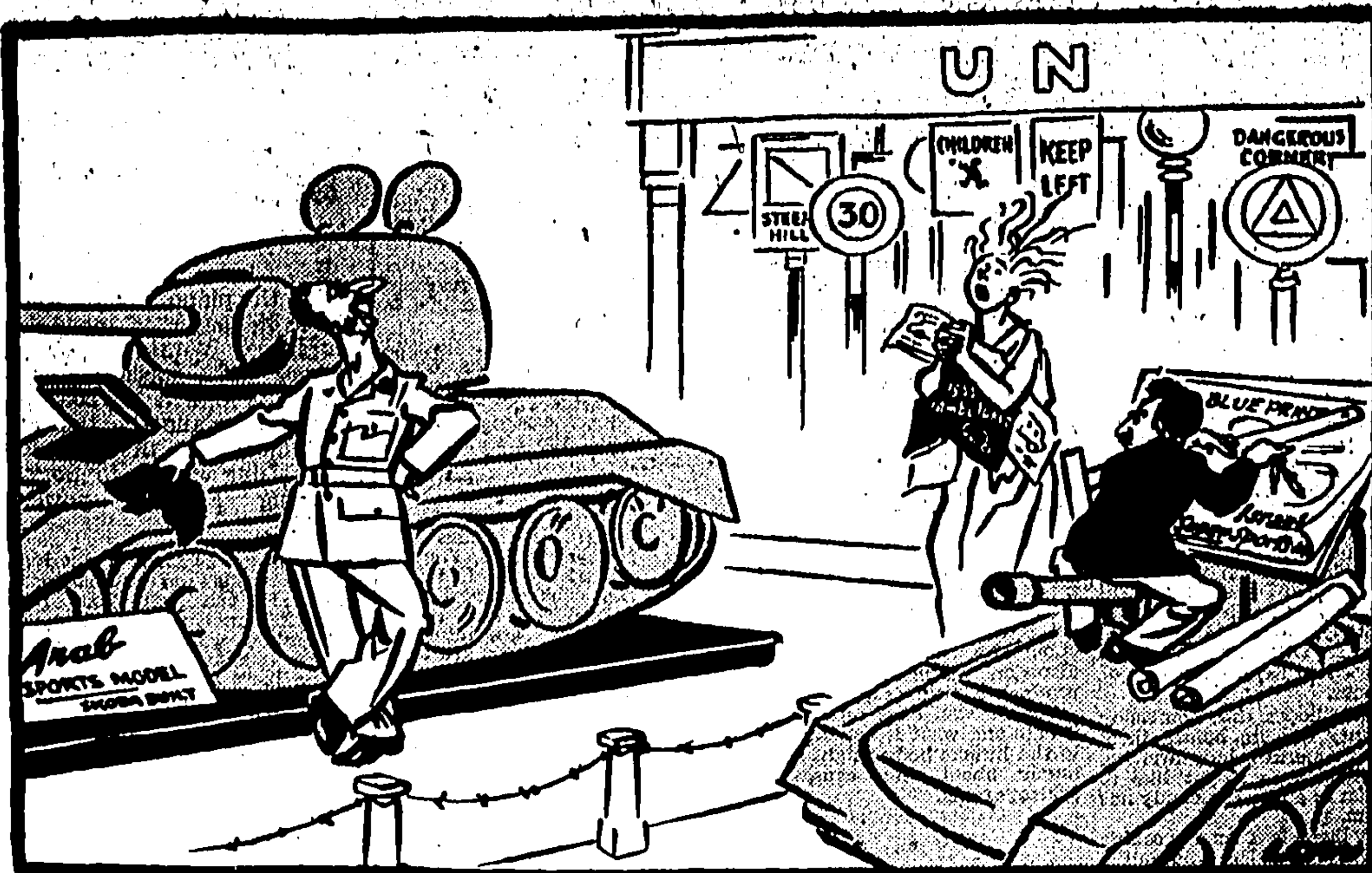
It was therefore necessary for his purpose that it should be "discovered" as if by accident by himself when it became known that it had been removed from the crypt.

Despite the evidence against Soutar the case was by no means conclusive. It came as a surprise to the public that he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

To many the case still remained a mystery. It was not generally believed that the not intelligent poacher could carry out such a plot. The missing granite slabs could not have been removed by one man alone.

There were whispers that he had been employed by some highly-placed individual whose name was never revealed.

(Continued)



MIDDLE EAST MOTOR SHOW

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CAN HYPNOTISM BE  
USED IN CRIME?

One man has another in a hypnotic trance. He suggests that his 'victim' should steal, take part in a fraud, or even murder. Can he succeed?

## YES

Says Dr Bellamy  
Hobson

IT is generally said that a hypnotist cannot make a person commit a crime, because people cannot be hypnotised into doing something they think wrong or sinful.

Actually in France, a hypnotist called Professor Liegeois once demonstrated to the police several ways of committing murder. He even made a girl fire a revolver she thought to be loaded at her own mother! However, psychiatrists agree that this was a unique performance, and the ordinary hypnotist cannot cause anyone to rob a bank or assassinate a bishop.

So no one has worried much about hypnotism as a cause of crime. But now

our complacency is shattered by a book\* by an experienced hypnotist, who is also a barrister. It is an authoritative work, written with the help of the Society of Psychological Research. While he agrees it is difficult for a hypnotist to make other people commit crimes, he claims that it is perfectly easy for him to commit them himself.

## Bogus fund

He can get money under false pretences quite easily. All he has to do is to suggest to the hypnotised victim that she owes him £100, that she ought to pay her debts. This seems reasonable and she signs a cheque at once. Then he impresses it on her that she will, for ever after, remember that it was a genuine debt.

There are many variations on this theme. He could be in collusion with some-

one running a bogus charity, and make all his victims subscribe to it. Or he could persuade someone to give him a high price for some worthless property. The possibilities for an ingenious confidence trickster seem endless.

Far worse, it appears to be quite possible for a hypnotist to commit murder and to get away with it. This may seem incredible, but the trick is to persuade the victim to commit suicide.

Many people take sleeping capsules—in fact, just the sort of people with neurotic troubles who might go to a hypnotist. He can say "You always feel better when you take your capsules, but you don't take enough. Tonight, take 20, and you will have the best sleep of your life." And the last.

Or, says Mr Cudde, the victim might be a good swimmer and diver. He is told that, at a time when he will be

standing on a railway platform, it will in fact be a diving board and the track a river. He is to dive in and enjoy it. Which is a very nasty idea, indeed.

In short, Mr Cudde's argument is that it may be impossible for a hypnotist to make you commit a crime, but he can very easily commit one against you. Having read this book I am quite certain that I would never allow myself to be hypnotised, unless for some medical or scientific reason and under the most stringent safeguards.

## The danger

The Hypnotism Act of 1852 made regulations about public displays of hypnotism as an entertainment, but there seems to be no restriction on its use in private, which is where the danger lies.

It might certainly be made an offence to hypnotise anyone except in the presence of an independent and responsible third party—but if I read this book rightly it is not impossible for the third party himself to be hypnotised, which is alarming.

A last thought: almost anyone can learn how to hypnotise people. In fact, this book gives practical instructions how to do it!

NO you cannot make an  
honest man go  
against his instinct

By the President of the Medical Hypnosis Association

IT is possible to hypnotise a crook into doing something criminal. It is possible to hypnotise a generous man who would normally subscribe to a charity to, in fact, subscribe to that charity. But, from my experience, it would not be possible to hypnotise a law-abiding man into carrying out a crime.

Equally, it would be impossible to make him repay a debt if he did, in fact, not owe the money.

Why? Because a person, even after hypnosis, will carry out only actions that (a) will not harm himself or others, or (b) are not contrary to what he would normally have done.

## Poison?

Certainly the stage hypnotists seemed to make people do all sorts of things they would not normally do. But what would have happened if the hypnotist had suggested that his subject should drink a glass of poison or give poison to someone else?

The answer is that the subject would have awakened. He would not poison himself or anyone else, not even if some apparently good reason was given to him.

It is not generally realised that people still think under hypnosis. This means they will play the hypnotist's game so far but no further.

A man on the stage could be told that he is on a diving board and even be made to dive. But, ask him to do the same thing when he is standing

on a railway station platform and he will refuse. He knows that this may kill him. He realises it is a game no longer.

Some time ago, Dr X, a colleague of mine who was carrying out experiments, suggested to a subject that he would open his eyes and take part in a crime.

The subject was told that Dr Y was an evil fellow who planned to kill a number of people with deadly germs.

'A mistake'

It would be a wonderful deed, the subject was told, to get rid of such a hateful Dr Y. The doctor in charge of the experiment marked two pieces of sugar with a pencil, saying that they contained poison. Later, when the victim, Dr Y, arrived, the subject, who was still in a trance, volunteered to make tea and to put the marked sugar in Dr Y's cup.

Dr Y drank the tea and, of course, nothing happened. Dr X asked his subject to take and said there must have been some mistake. This time he took two capsules from a box marked Potassium Cyanide.

He then asked the subject to put them in the next cup of tea and immediately the subject awoke from the trance.

He woke up

As long as he was playing a role he was willing to follow suggestions. He knew very well that the lumps of sugar did not contain poison. However, the possibility that there might be cyanide in the capsules brought him out of the trance state.

In fact, unlike Mr Eric Cudde, I should say that as far as crimes are concerned, hypnosis would not pay.

(Continued)



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# PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**WHITE ELEPHANTS** What would you do with a white elephant? Charlie is a nice amiable creature, but he is a white elephant to his owner, Mr. Andrew Wilson, who lives near Glasgow. And Mr. Wilson just doesn't know what to do about Charlie.

Now Charlie is not a massive bit of Victorian furniture or an ancient steam engine that must be retained under pain of losing a great-grandfather's legacy. Charlie really is an elephant, 25 years old, and has a hearty

appetite. Feeding, stabling and generally caring for him has cost Mr. Wilson over £1,000 during the 12 months since he closed his private zoo at Craigend Castle. He cannot provide such upkeep much longer.

Even friends who have hitherto expressed envy of such a solid possession are suddenly disinterested now they know he is theirs for the taking. What would they do with an elephant?

Yet Mr. Wilson certainly does not want to shoot Charlie. For the present, friends and neighbours are coming to his aid with contributions, and local children have been sending in their pennies. But that will not satisfy Charlie's appetite indefinitely, and Mr. Wilson reckons he will have to decide Charlie's fate before the end of November.

He still hopes that somebody will buy Charlie before then. A South American lady arriving in England soon might like to keep him as a pet, somebody has told him.

Then there is a man working in a shipping office who might even get him back to India where he could be released in the jungle.

The drug, called Olanol by the Indians and Riva Cym-bosa by the scientists, is closely akin to mescaline.

It was used by the Indians to produce visions—visions to which they interpreted as messages from the gods.

The psychiatrists plan to use it in much the same way. But they hope the visions will give them a clue about the nature of schizophrenia.

Schizophrenics currently occupy one in every five hospital beds in the world—one in every five of all hospital beds, not just mental hospital beds. Their affliction takes the form of violent hallucinations which produce a "split personality"—a disassociation of thoughts, feelings, and actions.

The clue the doctors hope to get from Olanol is a clue about the mechanism of the disorder. Since the drug does produce a state very like acute schizophrenia, tests on the way it acts and what it actually does to the human body might reveal much about the causes of schizophrenia.

Both men disappeared suddenly with their wives. What's behind it? Business, it seems. Local police chiefs have been quickly letting the Attorney-General know that local businessmen have been putting the pressure on them to turn a blind eye to illicit gambling.

The businessmen are worried by competition from Las Vegas, Nevada and Havana, Cuba—cities with wide open gambling and which are stealing Florida's tourist trade, the state's biggest industry.

**RED EYES** When it comes to spotting a Red, American FBI boss J. Edgar Hoover has the sharpest eyes in the business—too sharp, some Americans are thinking.

Some Americans are saying that Hoover maybe sees Reds when there aren't any. Lately, opposition has been mounting to the FBI's use of "confidential informers" to track down suspected Communists.

The opposition has been coming from lawyers, newspapermen, and liberal politicians. But Mr. Hoover said at the International Police Chief Convention in Philadelphia that the protests were part of a "campaign of vituperation" and "inspired largely by Communists."

The protesters were not mollified—not even by Mr. Hoover's additional plea that the use of informers is recorded in the Old Testament.

**HAPPY BEAT** Despite the lure of radio and television, the gramophone is not only holding its own; it has reached a peak of popularity.

This year the British record industry will make 60 million discs, which is more than ever before. A big part is to satisfy the fans who clamour to hear the latest number of personal favourites. These fans, though, quickly tire of the moment's choice and return soon to buy the next.

Other discs are old favourites and classical numbers, whose sale is steady through the years.

One important feature of these latest discs is that high-fidelity production registers a more perfect performance than the listener could hope to hear in the concert hall.

Also, the long-playing records run for 25 minutes to half an hour and they give a fair rendering of original works without a break.

# MUSCLE-MAN of MUSIC

MEN, WOMEN AND PIANOS. By Arthur Loesser. Gollancz. 25s. 654 pages.

**L**OESSER had the idea—write a book about the piano, about who played it, taught it, made it, bought it. Would not such a book be a social history centred round a keyboard? Is not the piano the typical instrument of the middle-class, rising with it to glory, declining as its power fades?

Loesser got as far as gathering the information on an immense scale. He can tell you, for example, that in the forties of last century, which can be taken as the climax of the piano's career, there were 80,000 pianos in Paris; in England output was 23,000 a year.

## PIANO-KILLER

In these days the pianists were greater than their music. Liszt, for example, leader of the strong-arm squad of the music-school, was a real piano-killer, whose muscular feats (even if they did not carry the punch of his ferocious piano) drew the adoring gaze of great ladies. Countess Marie d'Agoult left husband and children to follow him. Princess Belgioioso had to be carried in a swoon from the concert hall to her carriage.

In Budapest dukes presented Liszt with a jewelled sword. In Berlin, one lady poured the dregs of the maestro's tea-cup into a private vial; another carried in her bosom a cigar-end he had put down.

His chief rival, Thalberg, who had the advantage of being the illegitimate son of a count and a baroness, behaved towards his enslaved audiences with appropriate hauteur.

## IN REVIEW

Different from both these virtuosos was Gottschalk, from New Orleans, who so impressed the Queen of Spain that the Valladolid garrison passed in review before him; a bullfighter sent him his sword. By imitating a military parade on his piano, Gottschalk brought a modest audience to its feet in a frenzy. The Minister of Agriculture was heard to shout, "Long live the queen!"

After tracing the advance of the piano into the United States and Turkey ("few harems are now without a pianoforte," came

★ Franz Liszt used strong-arm tactics at the piano—and had the ladies swooning in the audience.



FRANZ LISZT

## George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

a report from Constantinople, 1850) Loesser has to close on a melancholy note. The great days are over, the piano industry has settled down to a modest existence in the age of radio and gramophone.

But in surveying the glorious past, Loesser's eye lights on curious items of lore, compiling a book easier to browse in than to read.

★ **THE YOUNG CHURCH IN ACTION.** A new Translation of the Acts. By J. B. Phillips. Bles. 10s. 6d. 110 pages.

**T**HIS is the story of the early days of the Movement. Among the seaboard cities of the Mediterranean a few hundred people had become members; almost all of them were Jews.

There seemed, indeed, to be a danger that the whole business might bog down into the founding of yet another Jewish sect, dominated by Simon Peter and under the titular leadership of James.

This is the moment when the book we know as the Acts of the Apostles takes up the story. It has the perpetual excitement of all early beginnings. The dawn

of revolution can convey a thrill of hope and enthusiasm. It is, as these themes usually are, perpetually topical.

What would you and I know of Christianity if we had not the Gospels to refer to? Here is Christianity as it struggled into life before those four crucial books were in use.

Here is Christianity as it was expounded by the wandering agitators, the great, corner creators above all the agitator named Paul (previously Saul), the converted enemy who, had the insight to see that Jesus intended His Movement to be for Gentiles as well as Jews.

Phillips, throwing the narrative into a straightforward 20th-century English, challenges all intellectuals (does this sound like a "myth"?), and church-minded (does this resemble the churches of today?).

The story narrows down to the career of a single propagandist, Paul, the soap-box dandy who argued with the philosophers in Athens, confronted King Agrippa at Caesarea; finally carried himself and his message to Rome. Paul's character emerges with extraordinary clarity. Obviously the author (Luke, who may have been a Greek-speaking Gentile convert), was painting the portrait of a man he knew well.

Working over the New Testament narrative, dressing it in his own craft, approaching idiom, the translator turns.

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," into "Vouch more of this, Paul, I'm sure Agrippa, and you will be making me a Christian."

Anglican Phillips, ex-vicar of St John's, Redhill, has already appealed to half a million intellectuals, church-minded and others. He has the knack of putting back into circulation something that has suffered somewhat from reverence and disregard.

★ **THE UNEVEN ROAD.** By Lord Baltham, Murray. 21s. 335 pages.

**E**NDOWED with a sharp visual memory, Baltham is a born descriptive writer. He has had the further good fortune of passing crucial years of his life in a region where many British writers have found inspiration—the deserts of Arabia.

From his own story of his life he emerges as one who was "probably hard to get on with, at odds with his father (an eccentric who became a "Scottish Fascist") and sometimes with his superiors. He is also a man of character and courage, who played his part in a work of pacification among the tribes of Aden which does honour to the name of Britain.

Having lost a leg, his career in war was limited; it was not inactive. He commanded a fleet of sailing vessels in the Red Sea and became governor of various Italian provinces. He writes with humour and imagination.

★ **BOSWELL AND THE GRAND TOUR.** Edited F. Brady and P. A. Pottle. Heinemann. 25s. 383 pages.

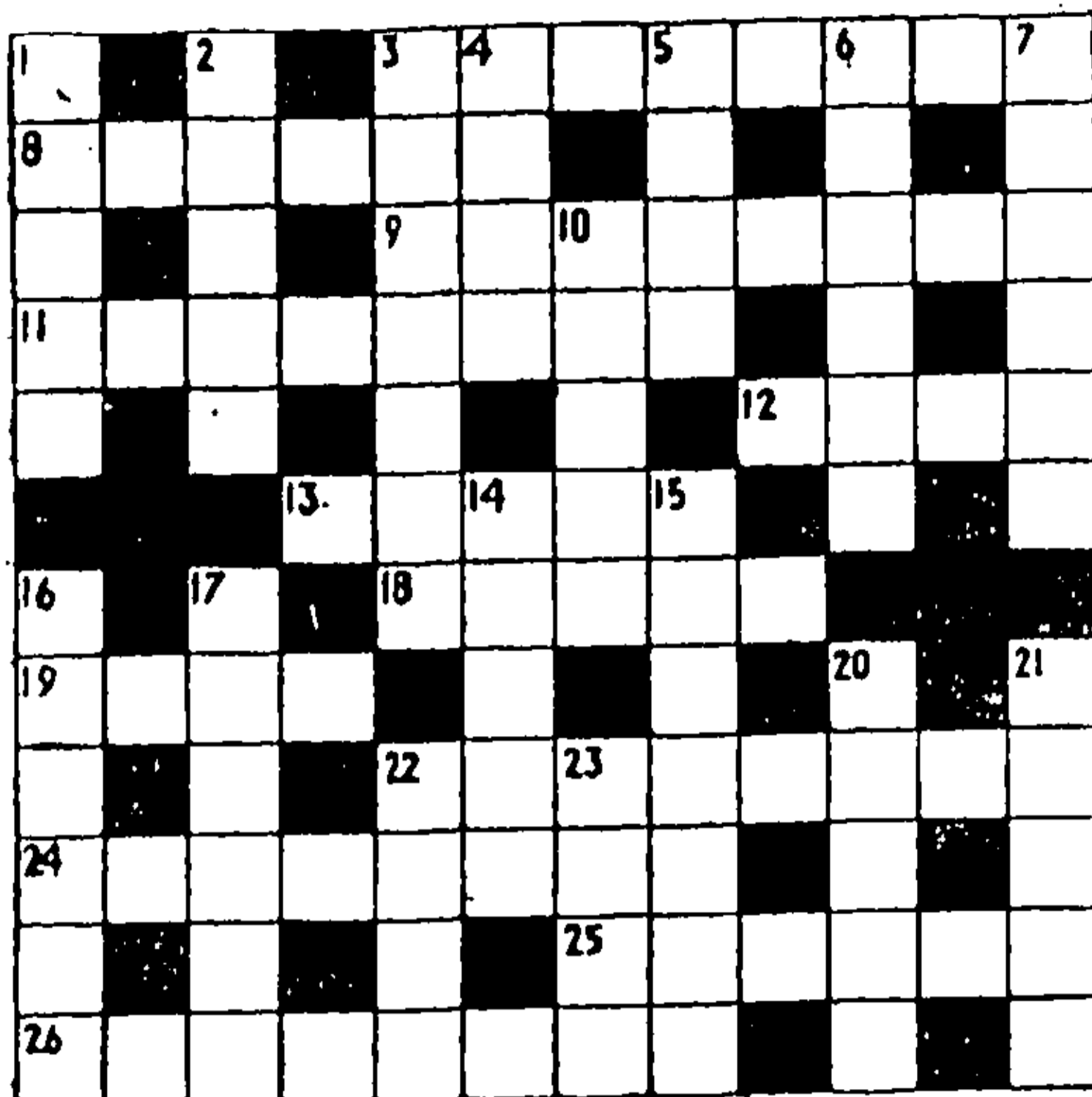
**A**BRIM with good resolutions and beset by falls from grace, Boswell continues into Italy his Grand and arduous Tour. "Prepare mind by discipline for Scotland so as to fill the post Providence gives you." Alas, for such pious intentions!

He dangles discreetly round the court of the Jacobite Pretender in Rome; is passionately (and undeservedly) loved by a lady of quality in Siena. He had promised himself "one intrigue in Italy to increase my knowledge of the world."

Boswell's hunger for knowledge was not too easily appeased.

On the journey home, he seduced Thérèse, Lo Versam, mistress of his idol Rousseau. The details must be guessed at. Boswell's literary executor marked the place in the journal with the words "reputable passage." Boswell's descendant, before selling the manuscript, destroyed the "reputable" passage. But the buyer was free to read them, and remembered enough to make it plain that Boswell, sane, sane and man of genius, behaved as discreetly as was to be expected.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- 3 Plates (8).
- 8 Make certain of (6).
- 9 Lasting (8).
- 11 Record (8).
- 12 Passport endorsement (4).
- 13 Servant (5).
- 18 Went astray (5).
- 19 Detail (4).
- 22 Chose (8).
- 23 Hampered (8).
- 25 Illegorous (6).
- 26 Without equal (8).

### DOWN

- 1 Cheerful (5).
- 2 Custom (6).
- 3 Take the chair (7).
- 4 Loaned (4).
- 5 Trip (4).
- 6 Bring to light (6).
- 7 Outstanding (6).
- 10 Make difficulties (5).
- 14 Command (6).
- 15 Withdraws (7).
- 16 High cleric (6).
- 17 Spiritualist meeting (8).
- 20 Scatter (5).
- 21 Snake (5).
- 22 Dispose of (4).
- 23 Fewer (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD — Across: 3 Participle, 7 April, 8 Attained, 10 Income, 13 Distend, 15 Dear, 17 D tests, 18 Trunk, 20 Here, 21 It, 22 Peas, 24 Castle, 25 Nimbly, 26 Page. Down: 1 Slightly, 2 Valid, 3 Four, 4 Trust, 5 Centre, 6 Elders, 9 Tender, 11 Nitre, 12 Alone, 14 Detest, 15 Deeds, 16 Atoll, 18 Themes, 19 Ironed, 22 Pasty, 23 Attire, 24 Sewer, 25 True.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Delusions Of Grandeur

BY HARRY WEINERT



## Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## Remembrance Day Ceremony

## MACAO GRAND PRIX

## WINTER PROGRAMMES

The major event in the Motor Sports Calendar in this part of the world is the Macao Grand Prix, which takes place this week-end. Tonight and tomorrow night, Radio Hongkong will be relaying commentaries, reports and interviews from Macao, by John Wallace, Hank Miller, Nick Kendall and Timothy Birch.

Tonight's programme will form part of Sports Cavalcade, which is on the air at 9 p.m., and tomorrow evening the report will be relayed directly from Macao at 9 p.m.

**Tomorrow is Remembrance Sunday.** In the morning at 10.45, listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear a commentary by David Little on the Ceremony to be held at the Cenotaph in Statue Square, when His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, G.C.M.G., and His Excellency the Commander British Forces, Government, Service and civilian dignitaries will lay wreaths at the foot of the Cenotaph after observing a two minutes silence followed by the Last Post and Reveille.

Tomorrow evening, as in previous years, the impressive Service of Remembrance in Whitehall, when Her Majesty the Queen leads representatives of the Services, the Commonwealth and the British Government in laying wreaths on the Cenotaph, will be rebroadcast from London at 6.30 p.m.

## WINTER PROGRAMMES

Tonight the clocks go back one hour, and winter time begins officially. Radio Hongkong has planned a new winter schedule which includes many new programmes designed to appeal to listeners of varying tastes.

Several of these will be introduced during the coming week. For those who enjoy a visit to the cinema, "Going to the Pictures" can be heard on Wednesday at 7.15. In this programme a panel of three will give you their impressions of what's on at the cinema in that particular week.

Children's programmes have been somewhat extended, and beginning this week, in addition to the usual Children's programme on Mondays and Fridays, there will be a programme called "Adventures in Music" on Tuesdays at 6.30, designed especially for students of music — though it is hoped that the programme will appeal to music lovers of all ages.

On Thursdays at eight minutes past six, there will be dramatizations of A. A. Milne's delightful story The House At Pooh Corner, and then on Sundays, after six, beginning tomorrow, Lewis Carroll's "Alice Through the Looking Glass" in serial form, produced by the BBC.

## "BEDSIDE BOOK"

For those who like readings of novels or short stories, there will be "Bedside Book" on Friday, the first book to be "Uncle Silas" by Sheridan Le Fanu, and the others are to be read by Cynthia Nixon.

On Saturday evenings at 10.30, there will be "Saturday Short Story" starting next Saturday the 12th, with "Dream Girl" by Alex Borer, to be read by the author.

For a number of years, Radio Hongkong's Sunday Concert has begun at 9 p.m., but now the time has been altered to 7.30 p.m.

On Monday evenings at 9.30, a new series of programmes called "Two's Company" will be on the air. Each week there will be a Hongkong married couple to come to the studio and talk about their married life, and then the first met and married; their hobbies and experiences, and they will be invited to select a record to revive some especially pleasant memory.

The first couple to subject themselves to this friendly inquisition are an Army Staff Sergeant and his wife, and they can be heard in "Two's Company" on Monday at 7.30.

"The Naturalist" — a BBC series especially produced for overseas, is based on a series long familiar to listeners in Britain. The speakers are always people of authority, and their revelations about the fascinating and occasionally mysterious aspects of wild life on land, in the sea and in the air have gained a steadily increasing audience. The first programme in the series can be heard on Tuesday.

As from tomorrow evening, the News, relayed from the BBC, will be broadcast at 7 p.m.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second).

## Today

10.30 AM. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
11.00 AM. NEWS.  
11.15 AM. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
11.30 AM. LUNCHEON MUSIC.



Timothy Birch, who can be heard in Sunday's programme on the Macao Grand Prix at 9 p.m.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

10.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.30 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

10.45 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.

11.00 THE MILL ON THE FLOORS.

11.15 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

11.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

12.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

12.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

12.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

12.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

1.00 WEATHER REPORT.

1.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

1.30 EVENING STAR — BURL IVE (VOCAL).

1.45 GOOSEY PECK, GIL ALONG LITTLE DOGIES.

1.55 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

2.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

2.15 COMMENTARIES, REPORTS AND INTERVIEWS ON THE SECOND MACAO GRAND PRIX.

2.30 CONCERTO NO. 5 IN F, BY SAINT-SAENS.

2.45 "HANCOCK'S HALF-HOUR".

2.55 MUSIC FROM BROADWAY.

3.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

3.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

3.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

3.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

4.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

4.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

4.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

4.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

5.00 WEATHER REPORT.

5.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

5.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

## Sunday

10.00 AM. TIME SIGNAL, PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.15 WEATHER REPORT.

10.30 COMMENTARIES, REPORTS AND INTERVIEWS ON THE SECOND MACAO GRAND PRIX.

10.45 CONCERTO NO. 5 IN F, BY SAINT-SAENS.

10.55 "HANCOCK'S HALF-HOUR".

11.05 MUSIC FROM BROADWAY.

11.15 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

11.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

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7.00 WEATHER REPORT.

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7.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

7.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

8.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

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8.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

8.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

9.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

9.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

10.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

South China v. Nine Tan.

Commentary from Caroline Hill.

"CHARM JONES" (RECORDED).

Selection from the Broadway Production.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

6.15 "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" (RECORDED).

Beginning a new series of adaptations of the immortal story by Lewis Carroll.

Part 1. "Looking-Glass House".

6.30 SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE (LONDON RELAY).

From the Cenotaph, Whitehall, London.

1.30 INTERLUDE.

1.35 WEATHER REPORT.

1.40 THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

1.45 COMMENTARIES, REPORTS AND INTERVIEWS ON THE SECOND MACAO GRAND PRIX.

1.55 CONCERTO NO. 5 IN F, BY SAINT-SAENS.

2.05 "HANCOCK'S HALF-HOUR".

2.15 MUSIC FROM BROADWAY.

2.25 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

2.35 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

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3.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

4.00 WEATHER REPORT.

4.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

4.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

4.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

5.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

5.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

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8.00 WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

8.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

9.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

9.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

9.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

9.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

10.00 WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

10.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

10.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

11.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

11.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

11.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

11.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

12.00 WEATHER REPORT.

12.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

12.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

12.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

1.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

1.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

1.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

1.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

2.00 WEATHER REPORT.

2.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

2.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.

2.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

3.00 KITCHEN V. KITCHEN.

3.15 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER — THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT WHICH.

3.30 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE".

3.45 "THIS WEEK" (RECORDED).

4.00 WEATHER REPORT.

4.15 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

4.30 LUNCHEON

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**THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB**  
**FIRST RACE MEETING**  
Saturday, 5th & Monday, 7th November, 1955.  
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

**THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.**

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

#### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

#### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

#### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

#### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$40.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the First Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 4th November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

#### SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 19th November, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

#### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

I. M. MacTAVISH On

## THE VEXING QUESTION OF SCHOOLBOYS IN SENIOR SOCCER

The whole vexing question of schoolboys playing in football organised by the Hongkong Football Association is being debated extensively and in some cases heatedly in many quarters at the present time.

It is no intention of mine to enter into any argument on the pros and cons of the current issue in which Kitchee are involved, because that, as I see it, is a case concerning only an alleged breach of one of the duly agreed rules which govern the conduct of all clubs playing under the jurisdiction of the Association.

Quite divorced from that particular side of the issue is the much wider aspect as to whether or not it is a good thing to have schoolboys from taking part in the Senior and Junior competitions of the HKFA.

The immediate and impulsive reaction is to say that it is not a good idea, and to suggest that if a player is good enough, his age and school status should not prevent him playing his football in the highest grade to which he is suited.

Such a reaction is based solely on generalised and selfish reasoning with the youngster's playing ability as the main deciding factor, and that may not after all be the soundest foundation on which to base so far reaching a decision. Hundreds of youngsters love soccer.

#### EARLY STARDOM

The chance to reach early stardom must always be an attractive goal, the opportunity to rub shoulders with the great names of the game in the Colony is surely one that few boys could resist. The age of hero worship is not past.

In the face of such a temptation young boys—yes and their parents—could well make decisions and sacrifices that are not in their best interest. In every country where the game is played there is a long trail of frustrated hopes and disillusioned hopefuls.

Eloquent wooing and empty promises—or at least hollow promises of rosy futures have often sent partially educated feet along uncertain paths. The main job of team officials is to build a successful team, and when things go wrong it is easy to forget that today's unsuccessful youngster was yesterday's bright and shining schoolboy prospect.

To the club this change of circumstances is little more than a temporary disappointment, and often means only that the search for a more successful replacement is pushed ahead with greater vigour than before.

To the player, however, it is the tumbling down of the fine castles he had built in his mind, resulting in an undermining of his confidence in himself, not only in his football but also in other spheres.

Another far reaching point is that the young schoolboy footballer, who suddenly finds himself actively engaged in highly competitive football, tends to let the game assume undue importance in his everyday affairs and he allows other interests and his studies, for example, to suffer.

Playing days, even in this Colony where players seem to go on longer than in many other places, are only a short part of a lifetime, and apart from a small fortunate minority, they provide no lasting security.

Having talked over this problem with men who are well

versed in Colony affairs it seems certain that it was thoughts and considerations such as these that encouraged the introduction of the present HKFA rule on the matter.

#### LOCAL PROBLEM

I know it is easy to point to other parts of the world and say that the practice of schoolboys playing in high grade football is accepted without restriction, but I do not believe that one can separate the local problem from local conditions or from local circumstances, and I believe too, that the well-informed gentlemen who originally introduced the rule were neither unmindful of what was important of, or indifferent to what was best for the game, and for the individuals who become involved in it, in Hong-kong.

Twice recently a referee has been compelled to change his dress when he found that it clashed with the strip of one of the teams in the game which he was about to handle. It happened first of all at Boundary Street in the Sing Tao-Police game and later in the KMB-Sing Tao match at the Club Stadium.

In each case the change was necessary because the back uniform of the referee clashed with the sombre all-black outfit of the unsavily brightly clad yellow and black striped Tigers.

The referee in charge of the second game has actually been praised for his willingness to change his dress to prevent confusion, and there is no doubt at all that such an attitude immediately prior to the start of the game was commendable. If only because it enabled a prompt start to be made... but was he correct?

According to the records of the HKFA the official colours of Sing Tao are Yellow and Black, and while their present all-black shirts and shorts with a narrow yellow ring at the neck of the shirt may, in the widest sense, conform to the official description, it hardly conforms either to the spirit of the description or to the traditional 'Tigers' strip which has become, by common usage so closely associated with the Sing Tao side.

#### OFFICIAL COLOURS

The question of official colours is one which I have heard raised several times in recent discussion concerning the Senior and Junior football. Once a club has registered its colours they should surely not be varied in use except in cases where they clash with those of an opposing side and the rules of the Association must make provision for the action to be taken in such cases.

There was certainly no clash of colours in the games involving Sing Tao, for the Police play in blue and KMB in red, and both if these are easily distinguishable from the familiar yellow and black stripes of the Tigers.

The recent visit of the RAF Far East Representative side was a pleasant interlude in our domestic football affairs. The airmen played attractive open football and they made many friends by their fine sportsmanship. This was particularly noticeable in the final game with the Combined Chinese when at vital stages two in sports decisions went against them. Whatever their feelings the players showed excellent control in accepting the referee's decision without question.

One of the regrettable features of the visit was that, due to unavoidable circumstances, the airmen did not get an opportunity to meet the real strength of South China or

the Combined Chinese, for the visitors looked the sort of team that would have given of its best when the going was toughest.

The success of this tour must have been as reassuring to the sponsors as it was an eye-opener to those who were so strangely reluctant earlier on to stage a game against the visitors, and in this respect it was particularly satisfying to see the worthy RAF Benevolent Fund getting a good boost from the fine crowd that went along to watch the final game of the tour.

#### WEEK END MATCHES

There is a limited programme of games this week-end. The schedule is as follows:—

Tomorrow: South China v. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill; CAA v. RAF at Club Stadium; Police v. Navy at Boundary Street. All games start at 4 p.m.

Monday: Annual Poppy Day Charity Match. Combined Services v. Combined Chinese at Club Stadium at 8 p.m.

While pride of place will be given to the representative game on Monday great interest will no doubt centre on the meeting of South China and Sing Tao tomorrow. The Champions are going through a difficult time but are still managing to collect valuable points, while Sing Tao with their happy mixture of brilliant youngsters and experienced veterans are always liable to run any team off their feet. This game may well end with the spoils divided.

In the other games, CAA and Police should add to their points total although CAA may find the RAF a hard nut to crack.

## SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which of the following boxers at the time they retired had never lost a fight, never fouled an opponent, and never barred a challenger on account of race, colour, or fear of his ability? (a) Jack Dempsey (b) Jim Jeffries (c) Jim Braddock

2. Sort out this mixture of Christian names and surnames and pair them off correctly: Hartweg, Manderson, Wroe, Young, Rex, Johnstone, Wild, Martin.

3. What Olympic Champion did Jeanette Alweg win for Great Britain in 1932?

4. What sports do you associate with (a) Reg Parnell (b) Reg Harris?

5. How are the following sports handicapped: (a) horse racing (b) running (c) motor racing (d) golf?

6. In boxing what are the minimum and maximum weights for a Heavyweight?

7. Who is (a) the oldest and (b) the youngest: Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Tony Mottram, Budge Patty?

8. In a cricket match if a player is bowled and no one appeals to the umpire is he out?

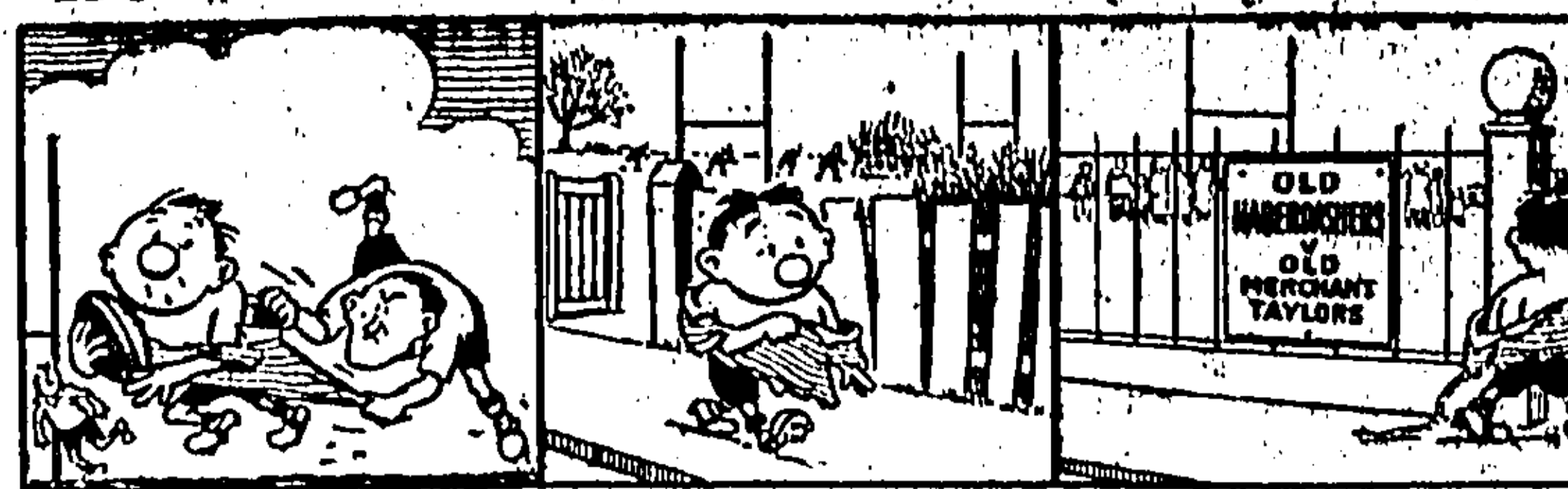
9. In soccer when a penalty kick is being taken is the goalkeeper allowed to move?

10. What world famous sports stadium recently staged its first ever floodlit soccer match?

(Answers See Page 17)

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



#### WATCH THESE PLAYERS

## They Are The Stars Of Tomorrow

Says DON REVIE

With the season already in its third month, up goes the heart cry: Where are our footballers of the future?

Anyone would think that England was completely bankrupt of Soccer talent. I would be the last person to pretend that all is well, but don't let's paint too black a picture.

We have one or two youngsters of great promise, and I have no doubt that due to playing every Saturday, I have missed seeing all of them. But let's take a look at some of the boys who I think are going to make a great name in the game.

At half-back we have Ronnie Clayton, the bouncing eager young wing-half from Blackburn Rovers. When Johnny Carey took over as manager of Blackburn, he said: "I think this boy will one day play for England."

Those who saw Ronnie's game for England 'B' against Yugoslavia 'B' at Maine Road Manchester a fortnight ago must now be agreeing with Carey's verdict.

What makes Clayton such an outstanding prospect? Like his "Bass," Johnny Carey, who earned an immortal name playing for Manchester United and Everton, he has that uncanny knack of being in the right place at the right time.

He is strong in the tackle, covers his full back; and always seems to be moving up behind his forwards, ready to take a back pass. The result makes a wing-half of great possibilities. With luck—and every player needs that—I think we will be hearing a lot more of 21-year-old Ronnie Clayton in future years.

#### WONDER BOYS

But what have we among the forwards? First Johnny Haynes, the 21-year-old Leeds-forward for Fulham. Johnny has made his name already with millions who saw him on TV play against Denmark's Under 23 side a few weeks ago. Haynes' great quality lies in his brilliant ball distribution, without which no team can hope for success.

At Doncaster a wonder boy of English Soccer is 10-year-old Alick Jeffery. It is fatal to build a boy up before his time, but I fancy Peter Doherty, Doncaster manager, will take care of that. Jeffery has all the attributes of a great player: positional play, accurate passing, a good shot, boundless enthusiasm. With Peter Doherty as his guide, here is a youngster with the world at his feet—if he takes his chances in the right way.

At Ninian Park on Saturday last I had my second look at 21-year-old Cliff Jones, the Welsh left-winger. I saw him first play at Bury for Swansea Town a few weeks ago. That night several managers and Football League scouts hailed him as the most promising young left-winger in the country.

Extravagant praise? Perhaps, but young Jones reminds me of

Tom Finney when he first burst upon the Soccer scene. I don't suggest he has Tom's brilliant ball manipulation, for Finney like Matthews is a man in a million.

But Jones is fast; he has a deceptive swerve. Like Finney, he loves to come inside and have a shot. And he is quite fearless. Yes, put Jones down on your list as one of the young players to watch.

In the same Welsh team was Melvyn Charles, younger brother of the great John. He hasn't his brother's icy coolness yet, but even now I think he can make as big a name in the game as John. He is the sort of strong attacking wing-half British football needs. A little too much impetus perhaps, but that is a good fault for a youngster trying to play the attacking game.

And here are even more to confound the pessimists, although they have yet to play regularly in League football: "Will" McGuinness, the 16-year-old United wing-half, Bobby Charlton, nephew of Jackie Milburn, also of Manchester United. I've seen young Charlton play several times in Manchester United's junior teams. He is fast, can hold a ball and shoots with deadly accuracy like most of the Milburns, though he actually comes back for extra training at Old Trafford to practise his shooting.

My own club Manchester City have another lot of great possibilities. The name is Roy Faulkner, who plays in either inside-forward or as a centre-forward. He is strong, has a very good shot and takes up position very quickly.

These lads I have seen; but there are many more dotted around the country whom I've not seen. That's why I for one refuse to believe British football is devoid of talent. All that these lads need is the necessary development—and a refusal to let the headlines go to their heads. Here's one professional footballer anyway who will be following with interest their future progress.

#### REVIE PLAN GOES ON.

For several weeks now, I have been pestered by the chap who says: "Don, the Revie Plan is finished. It's a washout. Why don't you stop it?"

That's a nice thing to say, isn't it? Just because Manchester City have so far not had the sort

of season all the players and staff had hoped for.

Let's get this straight. There has been such a thing as the Revie Plan. I am merely one player who is detailed to play the withdrawn centre-forward style of game in Manchester City's team. It is not an entirely new idea, because the Hungarians have followed the same strategy with some success.

This sort of plan, like any other, depends on getting the run of the ball and players settling into the team play. It just hasn't come off so far this season. But the man who decides how Manchester City play is the Manager, Mr Leslie McDowall. He had the courage to start it and carry on with it last season.

It has nothing to do with me or any other Manchester City player. So long as our club carry on with this particular scheme it is up to us all to try and make it work. The public should appreciate that point and also the difficulties of the manager.

#### SUCH A SHOUT

Coming back from the Ninian Park International recently, along with Stan Matthews, Tom Finney, Roger Byrne and Nat Lofthouse the big topic of conversation was the ravage of the Welsh crowd.

This was the first time I had been to a Cardiff International and I've never heard anything like it. The singing before the start was terrific; the roars which followed threatened to split the eardrums. In fact, when Wales scored their first goal such a shout went up that I thought it would crack the roof under my feet. As Nat Lofthouse remarked: "If Ninian Park could be extended to take in a 100,000 crowd like Wembley, the Welshmen would make the Hampden Roar sound like a whisper."

Does that roar upset English players? I don't think it does, at least not the experienced ones. I myself tried to pretend the crowd were cheering us! For the youngsters, however, I do think it could be a very frightening and nerve-shattering ordeal.

All the England lads were sorry to lose. But let's be fair to the Welsh boys. They were due for a win, and I was told by the chaps who played at Ninian Park two years ago, that Wales actually played better in that match than they did at Saturday last. Yet they lost 4-0 then.

That's the way it goes in Soccer.

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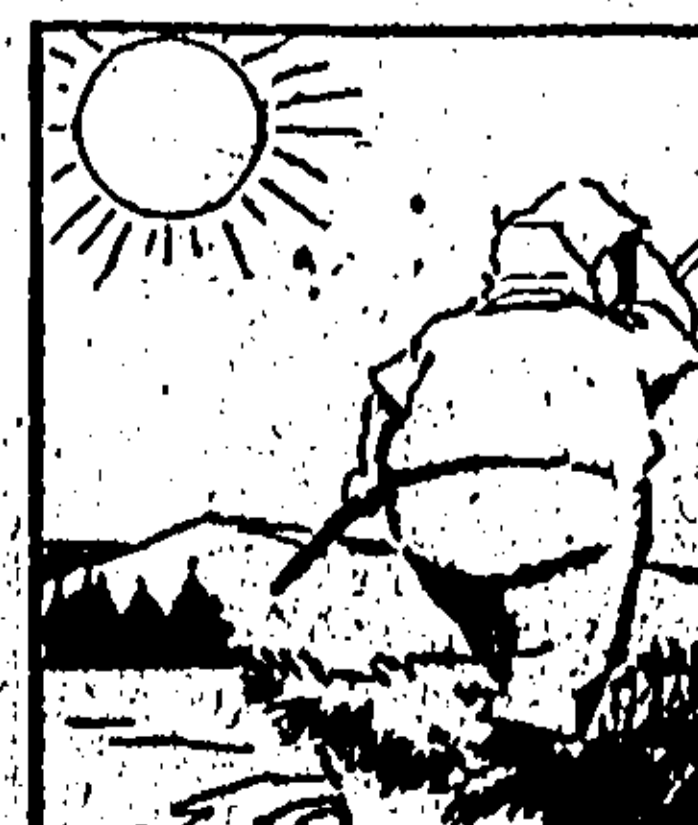
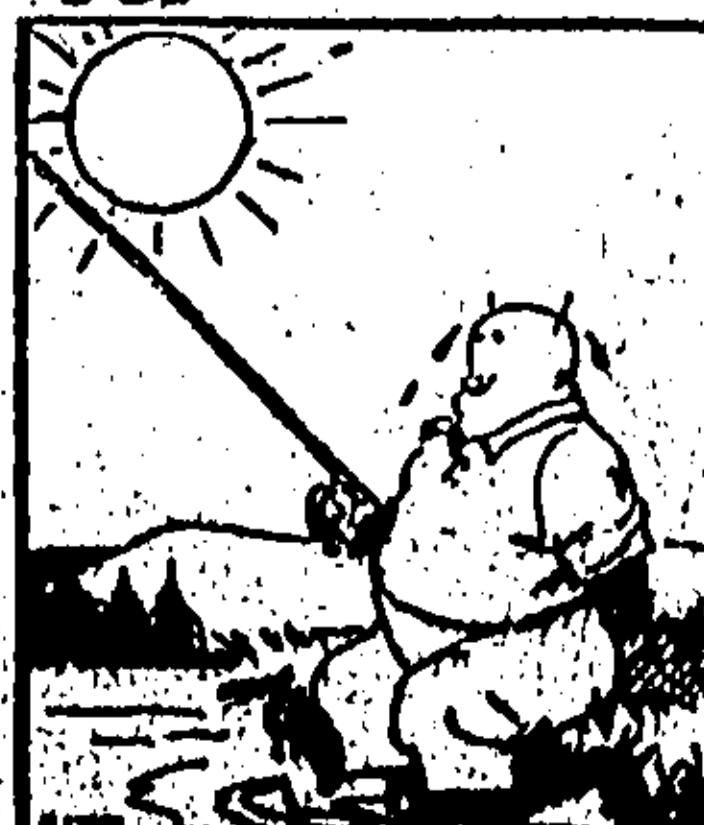
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#### POP



#### Silly old trout!



## Spare A Thought For Soccer's Forgotten Men

Says Stanley Matthews

In the last of the international football matches, with the big names of football getting the headlines, a thought for the game's forgotten men, the referees, who place the star for a day.

These referees spend most of their playing careers in the service.

They get a game away when the stars are away, injured or on international duty.

I am thinking particularly at the time of Johnny McKenna, the little Irishman who is my deputy at Blackpool.

Johnny is a rector on half-time, and a team games at the end of each session. He comes up smiling every time, but it must be a soul-debilitating job.

Don't forget that without the referees no club could play properly. They are the real, honest-to-goodness, clubmen of football.

### ANOTHER ANGLE

There is another angle which makes the job of a deputy a more frustrating one. He takes all the kicks and gets little credit.

If a club is away and the team loses, who is blamed? The deputy, of course. I have heard it on many occasions.

Why is it? The referee told me that a Blackpool defender had a free kick. The referee said, "Well, it was a bit of a rub." How can one man make such a difference?

If a team loses, who is blamed? The referee, of course. I have heard it on many occasions.

So think of the referee as a deputy in future. Give him the big hand they deserve for their loyalty. London Express Service.

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## Learn Your Cricket

### CUTTING FOR RUNS

A BOY will never become a batsman unless he learns to play straight, but he must also learn to punish the bad ball, and this is often most effectively done by cross-bat strokes.

These strokes are much easier because they are much more natural than the straight bat strokes, but to play them with certainty you must learn to play them correctly.

Cutting is a very effective way of getting runs off short balls outside the off stump, especially from quick bowling. According to whether it is played early or late, the ball can be hit as square as cover or as fine as second slip.

But for the cut to be made safely the ball must be short enough for the batsman to catch it off the pitch, and wide enough to give him plenty of room for the stroke.

For all cuts, the bat must be packed well up and rather to the left, with the right elbow well clear of the body and the back of the left shoulder slightly turned on the bowler.

### OFF LEFT FOOT

THIS stroke is played to hit the really short and wide ball at the top of its rise just to the left or right of cover point. The back of the left shoulder is turned on the bowler, and the left foot moves well out and across to land pointing at extra cover. The wrists and hands then "throw" the bat at the ball to meet it at the full stroke of the arms opposite the body. The right wrist turns over the left to keep the ball down.

### SQUARE

THE right foot moves across to land facing point and the ball is met opposite to, or

rather behind, the line of the right hip. Again the wrists and hands are thrown out and down, from a high left, and the head and body follow into



### LATE

THIS stroke is the same as the above except that it starts with a more pronounced turn of the left shoulder, and the right foot lands further back and pointing to third slip. The ball is met later, nearly level with the stumps and, with wrists leading, the batsman "strokes" rather than hits it in the direction of gully or second slip.

In both these cuts the left foot will ease up on to the toe to allow the weight to come fully over the bent right knee.

[Taken from "Cricket—How to play" produced for the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd.]

## WEEK-END CRICKET

Army South, unbeaten in four games, meet the Optimists at Chater Road this afternoon in a League Cricket programme in which all the First Division matches may see close finishes.

Army South, at full strength, look much the better team, but the Optimists have good batting and are not unlikely to make a match of it.

Army North, second in the table at present and beaten only once at home to K.C.C. in four matches, will put them at an advantage.

K.C.C., despite their indifferent showing so far this season, are not a weak team and could even take all four points if all their assorted batsmen and bowlers suddenly find themselves in form.

Indian Recreation Club are at home to the No. 1 Air Force without bowlers Tony Myatt and A. R. Minu. The Indians' batting continues to be consistent and it will be interesting to see if Birley will hold down their scoring below the 150 mark. Fast scorers A. R. Abbas, A. H. Mader and Mohinder Singh are all in the I.R.C. side this week.

Recreo are at home to the Scorpions, whose bowling is strengthened with the addition of F. D. Bottomley, and are also not incapable of making a match of it despite their poor start to the League season.

Police are at home to Roy's Navy in the fifth match. The second Interport trial match starts tomorrow at Chater Road and will be continued on Monday.

# THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

## The Big News Is The Cancellation Of The Saigon Visit

By "PAK LO"

The big rugby news this week is the cancellation of the Saigon tour, in search of the Jobez Cup, by the Club. This tour was only finally arranged about a fortnight ago, although it had been in the melting pot for some time, but the Club, owing to circumstances completely beyond their control, have had to call it off for the time being, though it is hoped that arrangements can be made either for the Club to go down at the end of this season or the beginning of next.

The Club is fairly falling down on its commitments this week for with quite a few of their members in Macao in connection with the Grand Prix, the Club "B" game against RAF Island has been postponed until some future date, and the Club "A" this week-end is a mixture of the "A" and "B" sides.

This cancellation is rather a blow to RAF Island, as of late quite a few of their midweek games, against the Navy and the Army, have been called off by their opponents, and the members of the team have been saying a few harsh words about their games organisers.

However, this time the Navy have stepped into the breach, and H.M. Arthur will take Club B's place against the RAF Island on the Causeway Bay ground at 4.15 p.m.

As a result there are still five games this afternoon, and are well scattered around the Colony. Two of them take place at K.T. Park. Firstly, the unbeaten Gunners meet the H.K. & A. at 3.00 p.m., and following them comes the RAF Mainland versus 48 Brigade struggle at 4.15 p.m.

At 3.45 p.m. the 27 Brigade and the Navy oppose each other on the Army ground in Boundary Street, and across the harbour the Club "A" meet the Police on the Causeway Bay ground at 3.00 p.m.

**MAIN ATTRACTION**  
Without question the main attraction will be Kai Tak, where two first class games should take place. The one with the result should be the second one between the RAF Mainland and 48 Brigade.

Each has gone down once to the Gunners, the Airman by 18 points to 8 and the 48 Brigade by 24 points to 8.

Theoretically, therefore, the Airman should win, but this week they have four replacements in their fifteen, due mainly to midweek injuries. Whilst comes into the left wing three-quarters position, and the other three changes are in the forwards, two of them being in the front row, and one in the back row.

While this leaves the three at about the same standard as before it is a definite weakening of the forwards, and this could make the difference.

The 48 Brigade have much stronger and faster line, and in Kai have one of the best fly halves in the Colony. With an attacking three line like this the 48 Brigade should be capable of gaining the greater share of the points, though they may have trouble in getting past Logan at full-back.

**GUNNERS SHOULD WIN**  
In the game previous to this one the Gunners should again emerge the victors. They have made one change in their line-up, bringing Kendall into the left-wing forward spot, and transferring Buckley to the other side of the scrum.

The Garrison have a fine pack led by Phipps, but it is not the equal of the Gunners, and behind the scrum the Gunners have in the three the better attackers.

In this game we shall see Parkinson and Glen as the opposing scrum halves, and though Glen should see more of the ball, Parkinson can find the openings that Glen does not.

Given the chance the Garrison three, particularly the centres, are fully capable of finding a gap in defence and scoring.

Both the place kickers in the two teams, and oddly enough, they are each the captains of their respective sides, are really good, though I think Gerard is slightly better than Phipps.

Despite the fact that the Garrison are a very good team, they are not a match for all-conquering Gunners, and though they should give the Gunners a rude awakening it is unlikely that they will win.

### FOUR CHANGES

In the other game on the Kowloon side both teams have made four changes, but while the Navy's are due mainly to injuries, the 27 Brigade have made their changes in the expectation of strengthening an already strong side.

The Navy's biggest loss is Sherwood at scrum-half, and he is replaced by Smithfield. I am informed that Smithfield is Sherwood's equal, but has not been played before because he is leaving the Colony shortly.

The other Navy changes are O'Brien at wing three, Sobbs as the new blind side wing forward, and Gale replacing again in his right prop position.

The 27 Brigade on the other hand have not only made some changes but have switched three of their players. Blackburn returns to the wing and Culley drops back from outside-half to centre-three.

Withshire and Dunn take their respective places as centre-three and fly-half. The other changes are in the forwards.

Until I had seen the fifteen I preferred the Navy, but I think the 27 Brigade have the better forwards, and their backs, while they are not outstanding, with the exception of Blackburn, are dangerous.

The strength of the Navy three lies more in the centre than the wings, and their opposition numbers are good in defence. On the whole the 27 Brigade look the more likely to win but the Navy could upset this forecast if the forwards get together.

**CLUB V POLICE**

The next to last game brings together the Club "A" and the Police. The Club "A" changes have weakened the backs, but the switching of Russell to wing-forward and the introduction of Knight as hooker should pay dividends. But the Club pack is lighter and slower than usual, and certain of the forwards are inclined to forget the offside laws.

The Police are turning out in strength for this game, and I can see nothing in the Club side capable of stopping them with ease. The Police have the better line-out forwards, and will have the weight in the scrum, and their backs have been improving with every game.

Johnstone at full-back relieves them of all worries in defence and the three are tackling

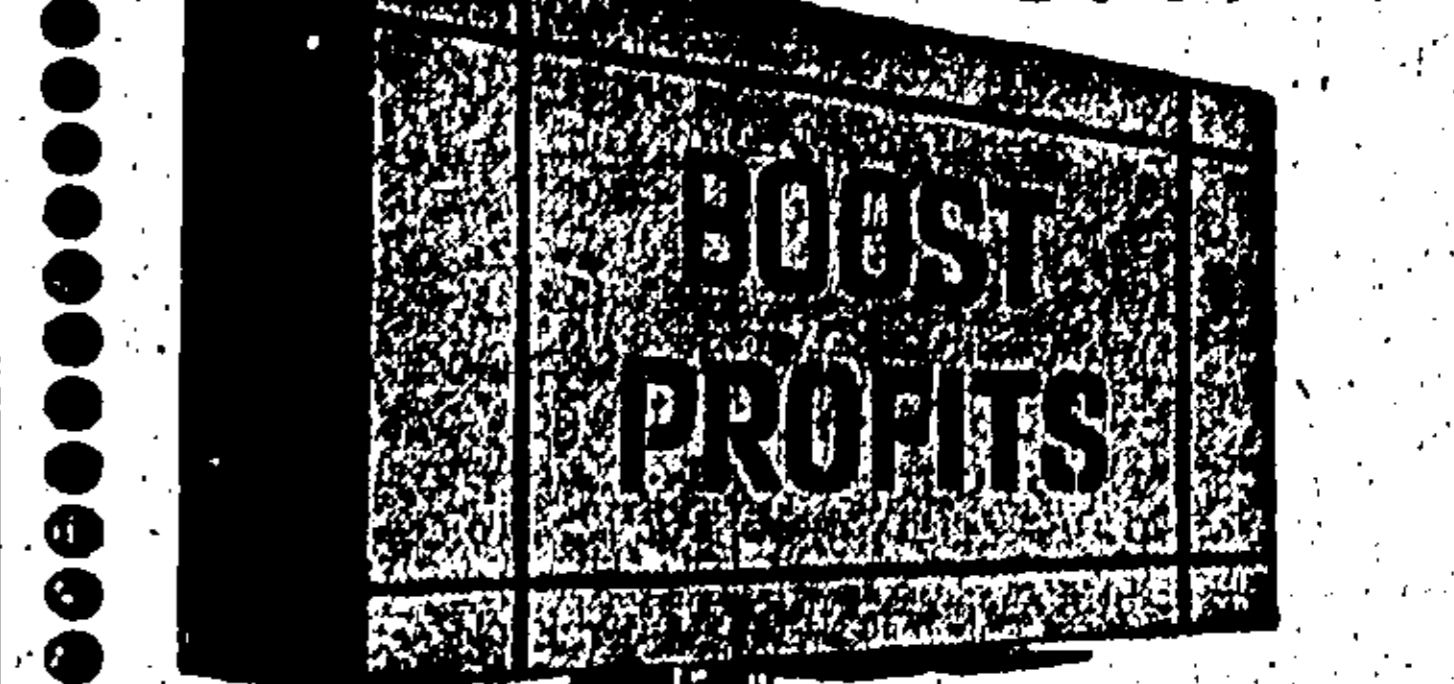


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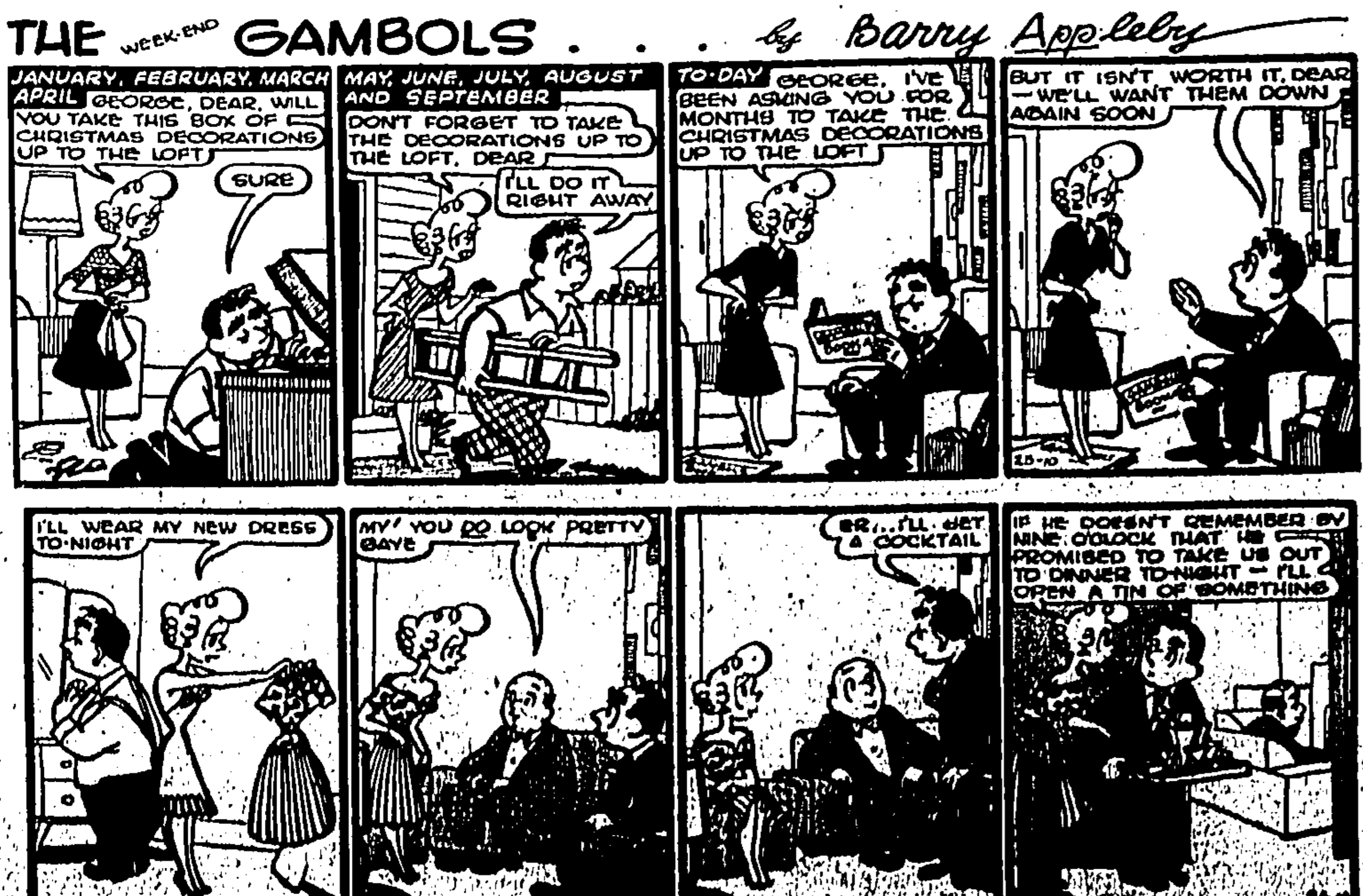
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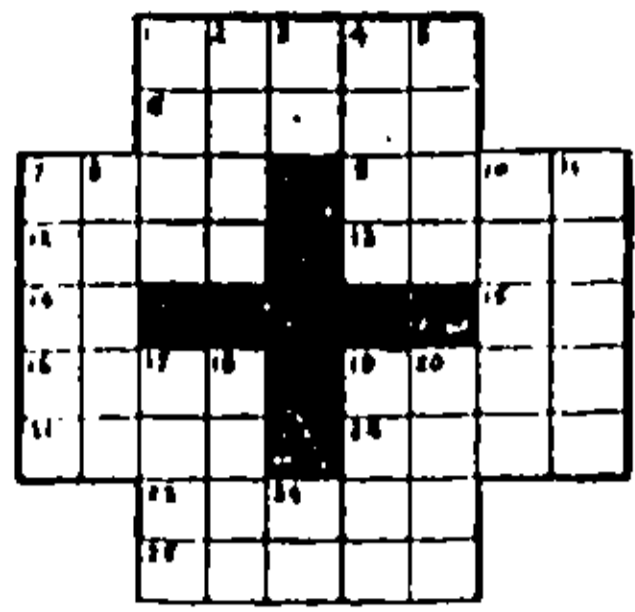
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Wait on
- 4 Attempts
- 7 Presently
- 9 Pace
- 12 Open mouthed look
- 13 Rip
- 14 Part of "to be"
- 15 Leave
- 16 Beverages
- 19 Clashed
- 21 Rednet
- 22 Greek war god
- 23 Small barbs
- 25 Rub out

### DOWN

- 1 Cease
- 2 Sea eagle
- 3 "Smallest State" in America (abbr.)
- 4 Sleeveless garment
- 5 Italian city
- 7 Shooting marble
- 8 Called
- 10 Bird of prey
- 11 Goods
- 17 Military assistant
- 18 Asterisk
- 19 Head coverings
- 20 Gaelic
- 24 Egyptian sun god

### TRIANGLE

The Puzzlerman has hung his triangle from a SWEATER. The second word is "spend", third "a German city", fourth "solar disk", fifth "a number", and sixth a nickname for "Edward". Finish the triangle.

SWEATER  
W  
E  
A  
T  
E  
R

### SCRAMBLEGRAM

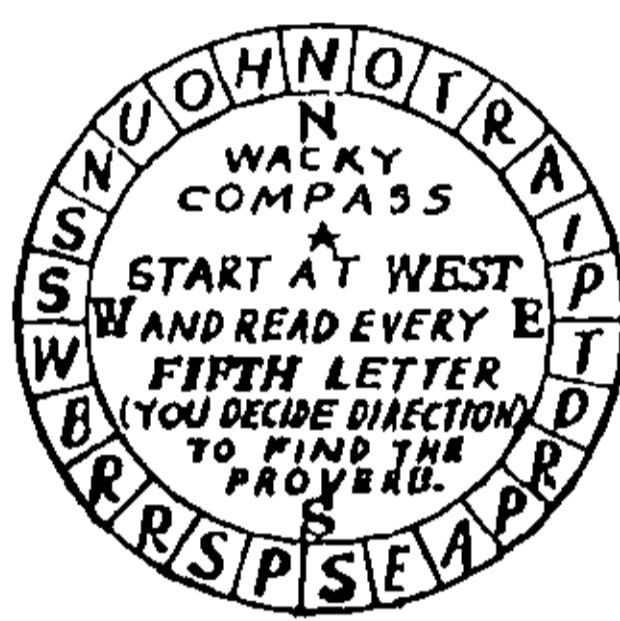
Rearrange the letters in the first part of each line to form a word described by the last part.

WE STARE something to wear  
MET ME social insect  
HULGE Army musical instrument  
OUR RACES reveller  
ROBES FAIR leaves alone

### DE-TAIL WORK

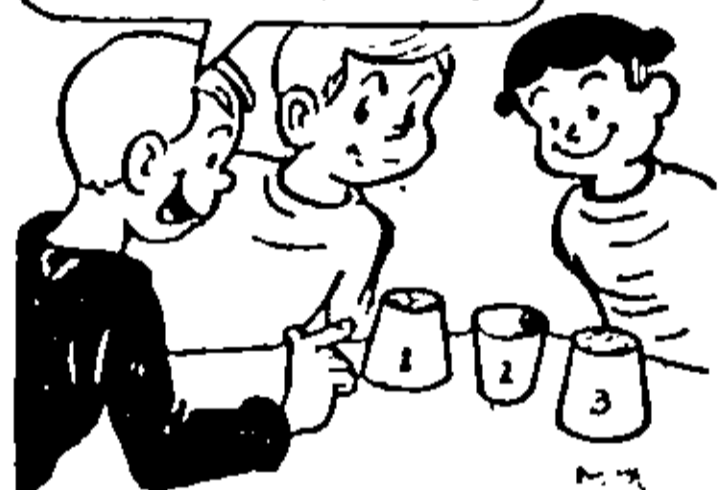
De-tail "a sea skeleton" and have "a girl's name", de-tail this and have "heart", again and have an abbreviation for "company".

### WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

## HOW TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS



HERE'S HOW:

FIRST MOVE... TURN OVER NO. 1 AND NO. 2.

SECOND MOVE:

CROSS HANDS ON THIS MOVE AND TURN GLASSES INTO THIS POSITION...

THIRD MOVE:

NOW... JUST TURN UP NO. 1 AND NO. 2.

NOW YOU TRY IT?

WHEN YOU ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO TRY IT, TURN GLASSES UP LIKE THIS AND WATCH THEM STUNNED!

WHEN YOU ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO TRY IT, TURN GLASSES UP LIKE THIS AND WATCH THEM STUNNED!

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WHEN YOU ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO TRY IT, TURN GLASSES UP LIKE THIS AND WATCH THEM STUNNED!

## DESERT PROVIDES OWN WATER BARRELS

SUPPOSE you were on a quiz programme and the following question was asked: "If you were lost on the southwest desert of America without water, where might you find water?"

If you are wise in southwest desert land, your answer would be "From the barrel cactus."

This cactus, growing from two to six feet high, is the desert's natural water-barrel. It has saved the lives of many persons dying of thirst on the desert.

The fleshy interior of the barrel cactus is water-saturated, but the plant has many sharp spines and a tough, rubbery skin to protect it. So a strong knife, hand ax or other sharp weapon is necessary to hack away the dried crown. In an emergency, a sharp rock will suffice.

### PULPY MEAT

Once the tough crown is cut away, the interior is pounded into a "pulp." Eventually, some water will collect in the basin, or the pulpy meat may be sucked for its water content.

This water is far from pleasant to the taste, but it will keep you alive.

Many desert plants have fruit, in season, which may also quench thirst. Among such plants are the prickly pear, the saguaro, the organ pipe, and others.

Some of these desert denizens also have water in their fleshy stems, or "leaves," but often this water is too mineralised to drink.

Since barrel cacti grow extensively throughout the desert regions of the southwest, there's always a water-barrel handy for emergencies.

—FERRIS WEDDLE



The barrel cactus.

## These Workmen Walk On Stilts!

WALKING on stilts makes one feel like a giant. Stilts, of course, are those two long, light wooden poles, with a step placed some distance up from the bottom of each pole. The walker balances himself on the steps and goes striding over the ground with giant steps.

Stilts are a favourite amusement with many boys and girls. They are used by clowns in circuses and funsters in parades.

A unique use for stilts has been introduced recently in the southwestern part of America. Plasterers in this region are using aluminium stilts for their work.

This new variety of stilts is strapped around the workman's legs, while he stands on broad, rubber-covered steps. The stilts save the workman the bother and work of setting up a scaffolding which has to be moved around the room.

Stilts got their start many, many years ago. French and Belgian peasants, living in marshy lowlands, used the wooden sticks to carry them across the wet lands. Long staffs were carried, which helped the stick walkers to keep their balance and served as arm rests.

About the year 1600, the governor of the city of Namur, Belgium, made an unusual offer to the Archduke Albert — a company of soldiers which would neither ride nor walk. Natural-

ly, Albert was intrigued and puzzled by this strange offer.

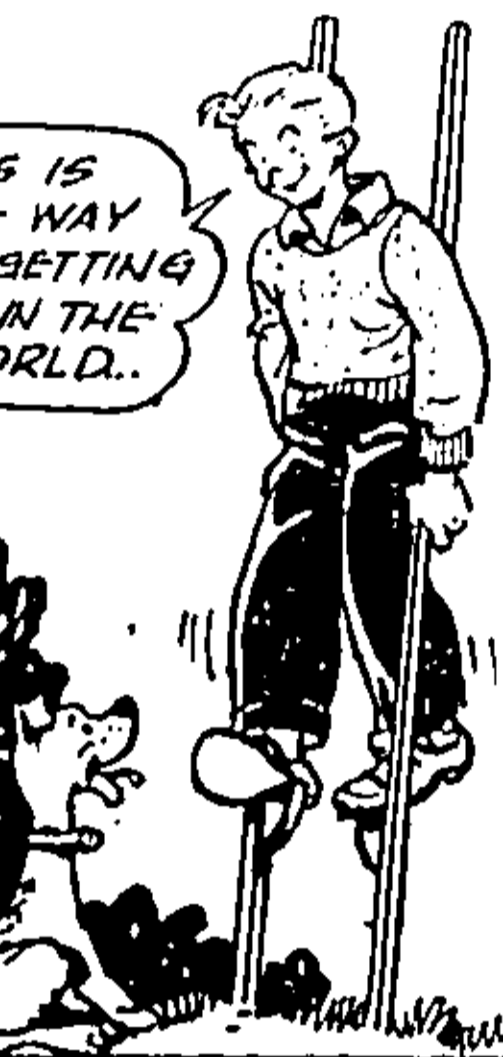
When the soldiers presented themselves on stilts, the Archduke was so pleased with their novel transportation he gave the city a perpetual exemption from one of their many taxes. In those days of high taxes, that was a privilege indeed.

In 1891 a French baker set an unusual record when he walked on stilts from Paris to Moscow in 58 days.

Many years ago, in the south of France, shepherds would stand all day on stilts, keeping a watch for straying sheep.

Today the French shepherds of this district use their stilts only at festival time when they mount their poles to run a race. This is an unusual contest, for they have to run on the stilts for a distance of 500 yards through an obstacle of a herd of sheep.

Want to feel like a giant? Try stick stepping. It's fun!



THIS IS ONE WAY OF GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

—ERMA REYNOLDS

## Lost Civilisation Buried In Colombia

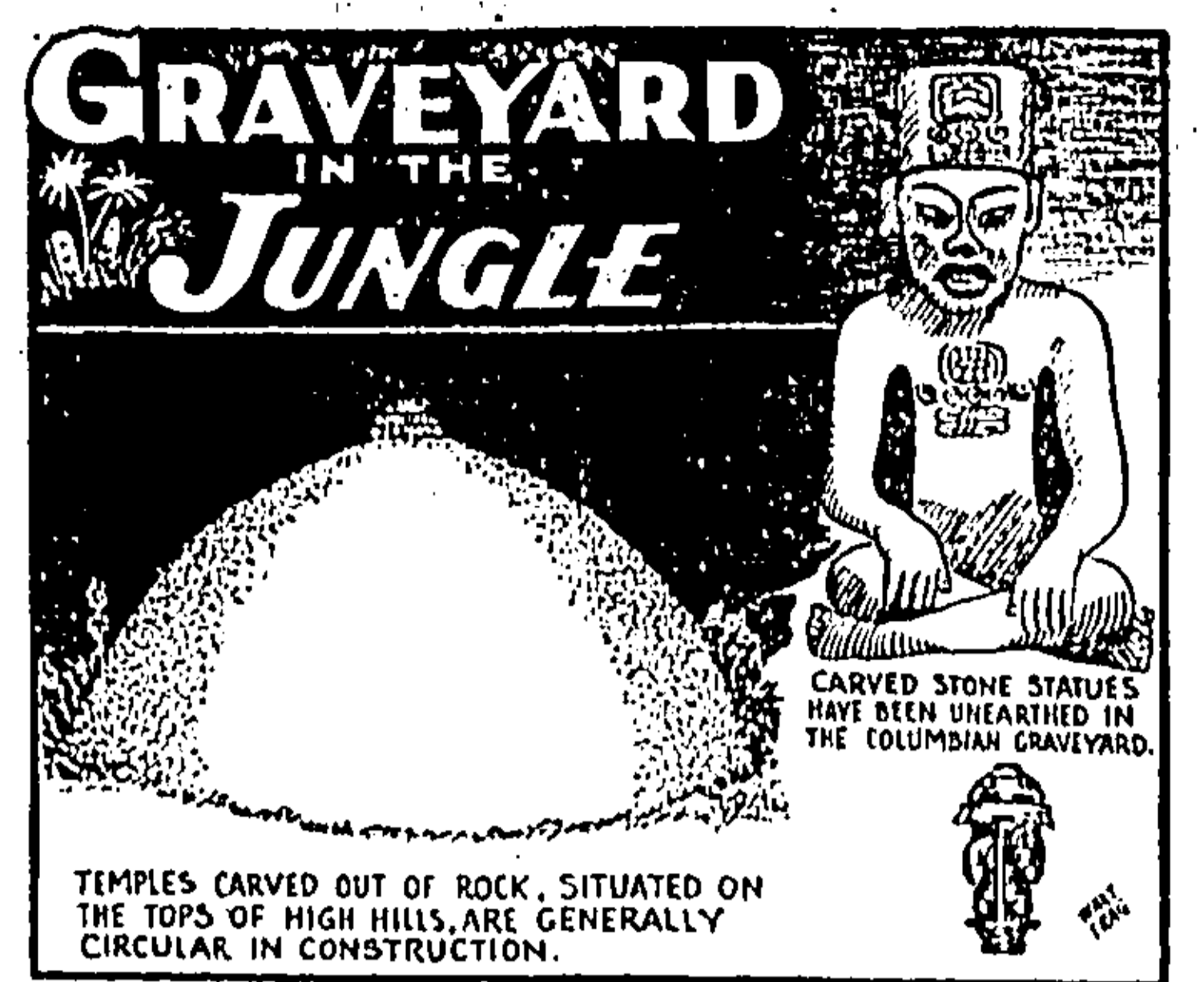
IN the jungles of Colombia lie the remains of a civilisation that the world forgot. Most people have heard of the Incas, the Aztecs and the Maya empires. But comparatively few persons other than scientists know of the existence of America's other great civilisation: the Chibcha.

Near the headwaters of the Magdalena River in southeastern Colombia there is a cemetery of over five square miles which scientists think dates back to the beginning of the Christian era.

These ancient dead were buried without a coffin in a stone-lined grave. Today little remains of even their skeletons to tell what they looked like.

Old-looking statues (some of them very crude) serve as grave markers and representations of priests or gods. Upon the head of each image is carved a smaller head; this is believed to represent the soul of the dead person. Figures of frogs, monkeys and larger animals have also been found. Some of the human statues have been depicted wearing grotesque animal-like masks.

Within the boundaries of the cemetery are a number of temples, partly underground and covered with earth. They contain statues of the "gods of the graveyard." The largest of



TEMPLES CARVED OUT OF ROCK, SITUATED ON THE TOPS OF HIGH HILLS, ARE GENERALLY CIRCULAR IN CONSTRUCTION.

these mounds is 90 feet in diameter.

Another cemetery in an adjoining district has also been excavated. Though it apparently belongs to a related culture, the tombs are vastly different in construction. These are carved out of rock, situated on the tops of high hills, are generally circular, and stairs lead down to the chambers inside.

The Chibchas endured until the Spanish conquest in 1536. Never a closely-unioned people, this semi-civilised race with few cities put up almost no re-

distance at all to the white man. Within a hundred years their language had vanished.

Scientists have long tried to find similarities between New World cultures. In this regard the archaeology of Colombia could be particularly rewarding. A glance at the map will remind us that it is directly on the migration route for peoples travelling between North and South America. This route may have first been used before any civilised culture in the New world.

—R. S. CRAGGS

## Merlin's Magic Lessons

—He Shows Punch How To Be A Wonderful Magician—

By MAX TRELL

MR Punch greeted his friends Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, with a broad smile as they entered the room. There, sitting next to Mr Punch, was Mr Merlin the Magnificent Magician. Both Mr Merlin and Mr Punch invited the shadows to come in.

"I'm getting a lesson!" Mr Punch announced.

"A lesson?" said Hanid. "A lesson in what?"

Mr Punch explained that he was getting a lesson in magic.

"Just go ahead and show them what you can do!" said Mr Merlin.

### Pointed Hat

Knarf and Hanid sat themselves on the floor under the window. Mr Punch now put on a tall, pointed hat which, he said, gave him the look of a magician. Then he put on a sort of bathrobe with pictures of the moon and the stars embroidered over it. Finally he said:

"Now I'm ready to show you how well I've learned how to be a magician."

### His First Trick

"What's your first trick going to be?" Knarf asked Mr Punch.

Mr Punch stood in the centre of the room. "Do you see that table over there? It's got four legs. I'm going to make it walk!"

With that Mr Punch clapped his hands and commanded: "Table, walk around the room!" But the table stayed right where it was. It had four legs all right, but it didn't choose to move any of them.

### Punch Was Upset

Mr Punch looked upset. "Now what did I do wrong?" he said, turning to Mr Merlin.

"That table must be tired," said Mr Merlin. "Just go over and give it a little push."



Mr. Punch put on a tall, pointed hat.

So Mr Punch went over and gave the table a little push. As he did so, Knarf and Hanid noticed that Mr Merlin quickly mumbled some magic words. Instantly, the table went prancing around the room like a horse.

"There, you see?" cried Mr Punch in delight. "I'm certainly learning how to become a magician. Let's all take a ride!"

### Went For A Ride

Knarf and Hanid and Mr Punch and Mr Merlin all climbed on top of the table and went riding around the room. It was a good thing that everyone else in the house was fast asleep. They might have been surprised to see a table running around a room.

After a while, the table got tired and settled down for a long rest in the corner.

"Now," said Mr Punch, "I'll do an even harder trick. I'll make a pencil write a letter all by itself!"

### A Marvellous Trick

This seemed like a marvellous trick. Knarf and Hanid wondered how Mr Punch was going to be able to do it.

Mr Punch laid a pencil on top of a piece of white paper and commanded: "Pencil! Write a letter all by yourself!"

Knarf and Hanid watched the pencil carefully. It didn't seem to move at all.

"Oh dear," sighed Mr Punch. But Mr Merlin went over and picked up the paper. "You've done it! You've done it!" he shouted. "The pencil wrote a letter! Just listen:

"Dear Mr Punch, You're a wonderful magician! Yours truly, Pencil."

"But there's nothing on the paper at all!" said Hanid.

"That's all!" said Mr Merlin. "It's invisible writing. It can be seen only by the words as plain as day."

"So can I," said Mr Punch. And finally Knarf and Hanid said they could see the words too, even though they still couldn't. They liked Mr Punch too much to hurt his feelings by telling him things he wasn't a wonderful magician.

## BOOKS WHO

THERE ARE FOUR SPECIES OF ANTHROPOID APES WITHOUT TAILS: THE GORILLA, THE GIBBON, THE ORANGUTAN AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

THE AVERAGE ROOSTER EATS 90 POUNDS OF FOOD A YEAR.

WHEN YOU ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO TRY IT, TURN GLASSES UP LIKE THIS AND WATCH THEM STUNNED!

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WHEN YOU ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO TRY IT, TURN GLASSES UP LIKE THIS AND WATCH THEM STUNNED!

All the neighbours came to help. Finally, they thought they had one sentence that read: "Borlen, botany, cakes felony underlines but who shall ally?"

Turning the letter right side up again, the sentence seemed to say: "Butter but any cakes, all any undertaker, we'll wean him from his folly."

The mother wrote to Mr Greeley saying that she would be glad to follow his advice if she could only find out what it was.

Mr Greeley was forced to admit that now he couldn't read his writing himself!

Finally, the printer who set up the great man's editorials translated the sentence to read: "But diet, bathing etc., etc., followed uniformly, will wean the boy from this folly!"

—LEE PRIESTLEY

## Books Spell Parties

HOW about a book party? Send informal invitations, telling everyone to bring a book of his own he has enjoyed and is willing to give to someone else.

When the guests arrive, place all the books on a table for the grand swap.

Maybe a few of the readers would like to give thumbnail reviews of books they have read and liked. Vary the reviews—adventure, science, pets, sports.

How about a game of "Authors" with a pencil prize for the winner?

Charades are fun. Keep the subject on authors and split the writers' names up to add to the guessing skill. Long—fell—oh and Whil—ter—err are two examples.

Hidden Book makes for a good treasure hunt. Hide the book somewhere and also scatter a few humorous clues—perhaps in the pages of the book.

—IRMA HIGG



AT LONG LAST THOSE OLD COMICS ARE GOING!

YEAH... TO A BOOK PARTY.

## Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure--18



Seeing no other way out of their trouble the dwarf picks the other diving suit out of the case and, looking very worried indeed, hops down into it. Next he crawls the heavy weights to his feet and turns the switch so that the diving suit is ready to go.

Professor provided two cylinders of rope, he says, "so they he and I could take turns to go down if that suit had fixed itself. He thought the second rope, through the pulley, and that kept it firmly to the top on the diving suit as the first rope was used."

—IRMA HIGG



